

# The Rotarian

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

MARCH 1956

**New Zealand Keeps a Trust**  
SIR LESLIE MUNRO

•  
**Next: Solar Energy**  
A. E. H. BLEKSLEY

•  
**Count on Philadelphia**  
HERMAN O. WEST



THE

6

Golden Anniversary ISSUES



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**THE ROTARIAN**

1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

## Your Letters

### They'll Be Up in Arms!

Predicts MAJOR NEAL J. AHERN  
Public Information Officer  
Headquarters 1st Infantry Division  
United States Army  
Fort Riley, Kansas

That was an interesting story Robert M. Yoder related [*Philadelphia—City on the Move*] in *THE ROTARIAN* for February. Still, I am certain that if the more than 100,000 present and former members of the 1st Infantry Division were to read his assertion that the First Troop of City Cavalry of Philadelphia is the "oldest active component of the United States Army" they'd be up in arms!

All records of the Department of the Army, Sons of the American Revolution, and the 1st Infantry Division substantiate the fact that Battery D, 5th Field Artillery Battalion, which was organized and originally captained by Alexander Hamilton, is the oldest active unit in the United States Army. It was organized on March 1, 1776, and has been on active duty since that time.

### Re: Path of Nations

By G. EARL BEST, Pen Mfr.  
President, Rotary Club  
Janesville, Wisconsin

Reference in *Your Letters* [the December issue] to the International Walk at Rotary's world headquarters building in Evanston, Illinois, reminded readers in Janesville that the Parker Pen Company has a "Path of Nations" bordering the front of the company's new manufacturing plant in Janesville. The Path has stones brought from 85 countries and is dedicated to the firm's belief that free exchange among nations is basic to world brotherhood.

George S. Parker, the late founder of the pen company, was a charter member of the Rotary Club of Janesville and its first President.

EDS. NOTE: It just happens that there's a photo of this walk in a Janesville, Wis., story over on page 42.

### 'Names DID Unite Us'

Says FRED F. ENEMARK  
Savings and Loan Association Officer  
Secretary, Rotary Club  
San Rafael, California

In *THE ROTARIAN* for November, 1955, A. H. Preston wrote an article, *Names Unite Us*. If he or anyone else were looking for additional proof of his conclusion, he need look no further than to the Rotary Club of San Rafael, California.

It all came about in an interesting way. When Dr. Rafael Dufficy, now President of our Club, was Secretary a few years ago, he checked through the new *Official Directory* to see if the name of our Club was listed correctly. It was, but it followed another San Ra-



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fael—in Argentina. His curiosity led him to write to the South American Club, and an exchange of salutes and gestures of friendship were the result.

Stanley Lowry, manager of the San Rafael Chamber of Commerce, mailed a map, photographs, and information to the South American San Rafael. Maps and photographs of San Rafael, Argentina, came back, revealing the similarities of the two cities: geographical position, climate, transportation and communication highways, historical background, population totals—in fact, the description of one city in many ways fits the description of the other.

We think that this is a unique lesson in international understanding and goodwill. Names *did* unite us—and will continue to do so in more ways than one. Rotary brought it about.

**A Scroll for Helen**

Reported by J. J. WEISHAAR  
Dentist  
President, Rotary Club  
Nyack, New York

That was good timing, presenting that article by Helen Hayes [*For Great Fun Try Little Theater*] in *THE ROTARIAN* for January. While you didn't say so anywhere in the issue you doubtless knew—or know now—that January brought Miss Hayes' 50th anniversary in the theater, and the press and television have helped her celebrate it widely.

We helped, too, we hope, here in her own town of Nyack near which she and her husband, Charles MacArthur, live, and where she shops and meets her friends.

In some ceremonies held here in connection with the opening of the New York State Thruway bridge across the Tappan Zee, the Nyack Rotary Club presented Miss Hayes with a scroll citing her great interest in community affairs and her generous efforts in such matters. Our Mayor and fellow Club member, John Kilby, made the presentation in behalf of our 71 members, and I'm tucking in a photo to show you just how it all looked. We're proud, I'll tell you, to have that wonderful lady in our midst.

**A Story of One Man**

By HARRY SAUNDERS, Senior Active  
RI Representative, District 12  
Maidstone, England

The November issue of *THE ROTARIAN* carried, in *Personalia*, an item about a Rotarian who has written letters to some 5,000 new Rotary Clubs since 1934—an enviable record, surely.

In the Rotary Club of Bromley, England, in which I formerly held membership, Harold Cliffe early in the 1930s undertook to request his fellow members at every meeting to toast an overseas Club which he selected. Afterward he wrote to that Club, expressing goodwill. Having done this continuously for over a quarter of a century, Harold has now made contact with more than 1,500 Clubs.

I have recently been privileged to see the files of letters Harold has received in reply to those he has written, and they make a most interesting and unique story. I notice letters written before 1938-39 [*Continued on page 51*]



On a new bridge in Nyack, Rotary friends salute Miss Helen Hayes (see item above).



# THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS FROM 1600 RIDGE AVENUE, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

**NOMINEE.** Gian Paolo Lang, of Leghorn, Italy, is the choice of the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International for 1956-57. For a brief biography of this Italian businessman, see page 49.

**NOW IT'S 96!** At the top of page 42 you'll find the number of Rotary countries given as 95. When that page was "locked up," the figure was correct. Now as we go to press it's out of date. The number is 96! In January the number jumped from 93 to 94 with the formation of a Club in Baghdad, capital of Iraq in Southwest Asia. Within days the figure became 95, the new country being Swaziland in Southeast Africa and its new Club being Bremersdorp. The 96th country is Netherlands New Guinea, which is the Western half of New Guinea in the south Pacific Ocean. The Club there is in Hollandia.

**PRESIDENT.** As this issue went to press, President A. Z. Baker had just finished presiding at a week-long session of the Board of Directors—a report of this meeting to be included in the April issue. After dispatching other administrative matters on his desk, he left for Sioux City, Iowa, and then for Fort Worth, Tex., to begin a two-week Rotary journey that was to take him to Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Venezuela, the Netherlands Antilles, Dominican Republic, and Cuba. In Havana he will attend the 1957 Caribbean-Gulf of Mexico Regional Conference Committee meeting, February 13-15. Other Rotary visits in the U.S.A. were to follow. A report on his recent visits in Pacific regions will appear in April.

**CONVENTION.** Only three months away is Rotary's Convention in Philadelphia, Pa., June 3-7. Hotel-reservation forms have been mailed, the deadline for obtaining "first choice" in accommodations being March 15. Until that date, requests from delegates travelling the farthest distances will have priority; after that date requests will be handled in the order received....Nearing final form are program, entertainment, and hospitality plans, as told by Herman O. West on page 22.

**MEETINGS.** North American Transportation

Committee.....	February 22-23.....	New York, N. Y.
Magazine Committee.....	February 27-29.....	Evanston, Ill.
Finance Committee.....	March 26-27.....	Evanston, Ill.

**1956-57 FELLOWS.** In session as this issue went to press was the Rotary Foundation Fellowships and International Student Exchange Committee. Its job: the selection of some 130 young men and women to receive Fellowships for 1956-57. These new awards will bring the total expenditure from the Foundation to more than 2 million dollars.

**REMINDER.** Rotary Clubs in the U.S.A. and Canada which intend to propose a candidate for international Director for 1956-57 and 1957-58 have been advised that April 1—a date set by RI By-Laws—is the deadline for filing the name of a candidate with the Secretary of Rotary International. Affected are U.S.A. Zones 4 and 5 and Eastern Canada.

**MUSICAL NOTE.** Now available is an entirely new edition of "Songs for the Rotary Club"—a two-volume publication, one with words only, the other with words and music. The word book is 10 cents; music and word book, 30 cents. Each contains 144 songs, 44 of which are new to these books.

**VITAL STATISTICS.** On January 27, 1956, there were 8,935 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 423,000 Rotarians in 96 countries. New Clubs since July 1, 1955: 161.

## The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and in particular to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

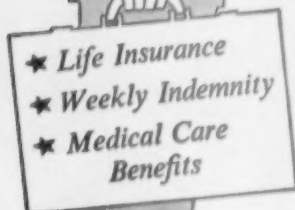
(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation and an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

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## The Editors'

## WORKSHOP

WHERE are they now? Where are the earnest worriers who feared that the year following Rotary's Golden Anniversary would see a flagging of interest, a letdown of service? This is that year, and, as we see it here at this crossroads of Rotary communication, there's something like a boom on! Rotary is growing, expanding into one new place after another. Look again at that second item on page 3. Angola! Iraq! Swaziland! Netherlands New Guinea! Rotary now flourishes in four countries where it did not exist last July 1—and in 96 countries all told.

AND the 8,935 clubs (there were only 8,780 on July 1) have all gone to sleep for a year? Sit here for a week and watch the hundreds of letters pour in from them—on their way to our *Rotary Reporter* department—and you get the impression that never were they busier on silder projects of more significance to their communities and the whole round world. On the international level great plans, involving thousands of planners, are afoot for the '56 Convention in Philadelphia in June, for a Pacific Regional Conference in Australia in November, for a Convention in Switzerland and a Regional Conference in the Caribbean in '57. Now being chosen are more Rotary Foundation Fellows (for 1956-57) than ever in the ten-year history of the plan. There will be about 130 of them! If anywhere there has been a post-Anniversary slump, it has entirely escaped our note in this workshop. What's your observation?

WITHOUT much doubt the greatest single symbol of the unity of Rotary's 8,935 Clubs and 423,000 Rotarians is the office of the President of Rotary International. It is an honored, respected, distinguished office which, when the Incumbent comes to town, brings hundreds of men and women from near and far together for good fellowship with each other, and for good mutual thinking on the promise and possibilities of Rotary world-wide. The Incumbent this year is, as you know, that tall friendly Rotarian from Cleveland, Ohio—A. Z. Baker. On thousands of miles of taxing travel into some 30 lands, he has helped with his message of simple friendliness to bring throngs of different peoples into a closer feeling for each other. He and we had hoped that this issue might contain his report on his long visit in lands "down under" and along the Western Pacific—but the story will

come in April instead . . . and, take our word for it, the wait will be worth it.

WE PRESENT the highway symposium with our eyes open. We know that the question of who should pay for the better roads everyone wants is deemed a pretty hot one in the United States. Yet, having seen many a touchy issue fairly and temperately aired in these pages in the 23 years since our debate-of-the-month series began, we felt that this one could be. Accordingly, after re-searching the subject rather deeply, we asked spokesmen for what seemed to be five major points of view to state their cases briefly and impersonally in your Magazine. We hope their statements help your thinking, and we especially hope that the symposium will have value in the many lands where great highway programs are only in the dream stage. Write your Magazine about this feature . . . or any other in it.



## Our Cover

AMONG the 2½ billion people of so many sizes, forms, and hues who dwell on this ball there is a small group known as the Nagas who live in the hills between Assam and Burma. The Naga tribes are nomadic, and, as we understand it, are mainly content with their own civilization. A year or two ago, however, a group of them journeyed down to New Delhi, where, with colorful ceremonial dances for which they are famed, they entertained India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. It was there that an Indian photographer named V. Ramanathan, of Mysore, India, posed a Naga chieftain and shot the color picture that graces our cover. Photographer Ramanathan is also a mountain climber and was on a five-man team which scaled 24,650-foot Pancholi Peak in the Himalayas in 1953.—Eds.

THE ROTARIAN

## ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

**ARTHUR E. H. BLEKSLEY**, one of the Union of South Africa's leading scientists, is professor of applied mathematics at the University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. An authority on solar energy, his hobby is the popularization of science—a cause greatly enhanced by his 300-plus published articles and 600 radio talks.



*West*

A member of the Philadelphia Rotary Club for 22 years—and President in 1941-42—factory-owner **HERMAN O. WEST** is currently putting his experienced hand to unrolling the Philadelphia "welcome mat" for the 1956 Rotary Convention. . . . Connecticut writer **PARKE CUMMINGS** gets much fun—and a wide and delighted readership—from writing about his wife and two children.



*Cummings*

It's **W. R. GREELEY** in the by-line, but Boston, Mass., Rotarians have called him "ROGER" for 38 years. Two books on architecture have come from his typewriter. His hobbies are water colors and tennis. Then, there are 12 grandchildren, too. . . . **JOHN GIBSON** is a department-store manager in Biddeford-Saco, Me., and a Rotarian.



*Greeley*

Illustrator **FRANZ ALTSCHULER** is a Chicago artist who has won numerous awards—one of which recognized his illustrations for one of the "50 best books" last year.



*Altschuler*

. . . New Yorker **JOHN GAINFORT** writes articles for the major magazines, in addition to plays for radio and television.

**ALLEN RAYMOND** is a veteran newspaper reporter and foreign correspondent. . . . From Arlington, Va., **HAROLD HELFER** turns out articles for leading U. S. magazines. He served his apprenticeship as a reporter. . . . **HARVEY C. JACOBS** is an Assistant Editor of *THE ROTARIAN*.

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# 'To Thine Own Self...'

*Trying to serve two masters is an age-old temptation, but the timeless verdict is that it can't be done.*

By **W. R. GREELEY**

*Rotarian, Boston, Mass.*

SOMEONE has wisely said: "It is only by a wide comparison of facts that the best informed minds can distinguish between well-rolled barrels and more supernal thunder."

All around us today "well-rolled barrels" are testing our credulity. They sound like real thunder, but it is up to us, as Rotarians earnestly trying to give meaning to our second avenue of service, to know the difference.

I am an architect. My profession is constantly setting up groups to gather data and prepare resolutions and codes of ethics to try to assist architects to carry on their practice with a view to "service" in the Rotary sense. It is no longer a problem of consciences. It involves considerations not only of individuals, but of the public good. It requires understanding our competitors' rights, our employees' rights, our customers' rights, and our civic and national welfare. And that is only half the battle: it is one thing to *know* and another to *do*. It is so hard to do the right thing when it runs counter to current practice that there is little hope unless we are banded together in an advancing phalanx of men pledged to follow high standards.

That is Rotary's opportunity.

A lawyer friend says he knows that every criminal is entitled to counsel, but if he is asked to defend a man whom he knows to have committed murder, he declines. This is because the trial will not be an effort to bring out the facts so that a jury may act intelligently. It will become a fight between opposing counsel to win the case, and this involves suppressing facts as well as bringing facts to light. The ends of justice

are not served, he says, so his judgment is to stay out.

Another case is that of a taxi driver who complained to me that another car ran into his and caused damage, and the insurance company decided to make this one of its "nuisance" cases—"buying off" the offending car driver rather than letting him take the case to court. This gave the innocent driver a black mark, and his sense of fairness was outraged. He exclaimed, "Two more black marks like that and I'm out."

A third example is that of a druggist who has refused to sell drugs that he believed to be fakes, and refused also to handle contraband goods. He has held his own, but not much more, in competition with a firm across the street which has had fewer scruples.

This one may include you and me: the man who keeps on accepting work when he is already loaded to capacity. A contractor in my town has always refused to bite off more than he could chew, even if it means saying "No" to a good customer. His firm has built up goodwill enough to carry him through all lean periods and make him the most successful builder in the community.

Most of us are confronted by two loyalties which often threaten to consume us. There is the personal loyalty to our own ideals and standards, and the corporate loyalty to our company. These are too often in conflict.

A bank president owes his bank the best that is in him to make that bank a success. His conscience tells him not to go through

with a certain deal, but failure to do it will mean a loss of business to the bank.

An employer is threatened with having to close his factory unless he can get a reduction in his real-estate tax. His duty to the industry leads him to exert pressure through political dealings upon the local government. It is distasteful business, but it is the "best way to get out of it."

It is common knowledge that men develop so strong a loyalty to their job that they will do collectively as a board of directors what any one of them would be ashamed to do as an individual.

A board of directors of a bus company is being hurt by competition, and "improves" its schedule by cutting down the running time between two cities. The drivers protest, but the directors owe something to their stockholders. They are "sorry" but the distance must be covered in the allotted time. Lists of resulting fatalities would include the names of board members, if justice prevailed.

These are only a few contemporary illustrations of the age-old fallacy of trying to serve two masters.

But there is no question as to what a Rotarian should do. "To thine own self be true and it will follow as the night the day thou canst not then be false to any man." Such conduct, if it becomes general, does not result in disaster to the company or to the individual. It is the one hope of the individual and of the organized society of which he is a part. It is going to require a long, hard climb up a rough road. It will be attended by constantly recurring failures and disasters, but it will finally prevail.

**Quest** EDITORIAL





## ... and only begun

WHEN the floods came to India last October, a tiny village called Kaithwara caught the full fury of the angry Jamna River. Twenty-six of Kaithwara's 35 houses were washed away, and the stricken villagers were resigned to a Winter of exposure and privation. They had not reckoned on the compassion of the Rotary Club of Delhi, however. Delhi Rotarians distributed warm, dry quilts (as in the photo at the right) to all the families . . . and then began to vision a larger service. Why not "adopt" the village? Why not provide bricks and materials for new houses which would withstand the river? And why not a new school with a reading room and a dispensary? Why not clean out the village well and pave its approaches? In the photo above you see some of the Rotarians and villagers as they walked in Kaithwara and talked of these things. The rest of the story is yet to be written . . . except that Kaithwara now has a friend and foster parent it never knew before the deluge. And unexpected friendship is one of the warmest kinds, isn't it?



Photos: Punjab



# NEW ZEALAND KEEPS A TRUST

*Western Samoa moves toward self-government  
in a model plan of international helpfulness.*

**M**Y COUNTRY, New Zealand, is the trustee, under the United Nations, for the beautiful and prosperous island territory of Western Samoa, set in the gleaming seas of the South Pacific. The recent session of the General Assembly considered a report on New Zealand's stewardship, and, I am happy to say, gave it warm approval.

Everyone, I suppose, has his own private dream of a tropical paradise of waving palms, white coral sands, and dusky maidens wearing sarongs. I suppose, too, that most of us realize that the people who, down the ages, have lived in such seemingly idyllic surroundings have had to put up with their share of tribal warfare and trouble, and, especially since the first arrival of the rougher kind of white men, have suffered from unchecked disease and from the disadvantages of isolation. In the 20th Century we have done much to soften this contrast between the dream and the reality.

Imagine two thickly forested mountain tops rising out of the Pacific Ocean, 700 miles east of Fiji, 1,300 miles north of New Zealand, 1,400 miles west of Tahiti. Both are large as tropical islands go, totalling 1,130 square miles in area, but rising so steeply (one of them to 6,094 feet) that the 85,000 inhabitants prefer to live in the coastal belt. Behind the reefs and lagoons are neat villages of thatched houses;

their walls are mats which are generally rolled up to allow the breeze to blow through, but can be let down to keep out the frequent rainstorms. Each village has gardens growing staple foods—yams, taro, breadfruit, and bananas; pigs and poultry are also raised to supplement fish in the diet of the inhabitants. Copra and cocoa with bananas, the main exports, come from plantations extending inland toward the highlands and mountains where mist and rain clouds hide the peaks for much of the year.

This is the Trust Territory of Western Samoa, which is administered by New Zealand under the terms of an agreement with the United Nations and is in process of finding a viable compromise between the dream of tropical paradise and the solid advantages of modern civilization.

Its history is simple. The people are Polynesians, related on the one hand to the Hawaiians, and on the other to the Maoris of New Zealand. Their forbears were great sailors, who almost certainly came originally from the Malay Peninsula, but—as the *Kon-tiki* expedition showed—may have had some contact with the South American Continent.

The Samoan group was visited in the 18th Century by Roggeveen, a Dutchman, and by La Perouse and Bougainville, famous French navigators. In the early 19th Century appeared traders, missionaries, and



*Illustrations by Ralph Creasman*

## By **SIR LESLIE MUNRO**

*Distinguished Diplomat and Rotarian*

whalers (many of them from New England). In those days "Samoa" was a geographical and cultural expression only; there was no effective political entity. The United States, Germany, and Great Britain separately obtained certain privileges in the islands, and then in 1889, to protect and regulate their interests, they created a Samoan Kingdom. This experiment did not succeed, however. In 1900 the group was partitioned between the United States, which acquired the islands of Tutuila and Manua, now called American Samoa, with the fine harbor of Pago Pago, and Germany, whose share was Western Samoa.

At the beginning of the First World War New Zealand sent an expeditionary force to occupy the German colony; in 1919 the ex-enemy islands became a mandated territory under the League of Nations, to be administered by New Zealand. After the Second World War, when the United Nations had succeeded the League, New Zealand became the first country to place its ward under Trusteeship—the Agreement for Western Samoa being approved by the General Assembly of the United Nations in December, 1946. Our responsibilities and obligations to the people of Western Samoa, which had been accepted and faithfully discharged between the two wars, were thus formally continued and extended.

The kernel of the Trusteeship Agreement is New Zealand's undertaking so to administer the Trust Territory as to promote the political, economic, social, and educational advancement of the inhabitants and their progress toward self-government or independence, as may be appropriate to their particular circumstances. The words are perhaps no more than the jargon of international treaties; what they mean is the determination of my country to help the Samoans to develop the resources of their islands and to support and guide them to the point where they can stand on their own feet in the modern world. We approached this task with enthusiasm, and I think that we can now justly look back on our achievement with some pride.

I should explain at once that under the terms of the Trusteeship Agreement, New Zealand reports annually to the Trusteeship Council of the



### About the Author

Since 1952 Sir Leslie Munro has been New Zealand's Ambassador to the U.S.A. and its Permanent Representative to the U.N., where he has been Trusteeship Council President and twice Security Council President. He has been a member of the Auckland Rotary Club since 1940.

United Nations on its stewardship in Western Samoa, and that it has the benefit of the advice and criticism of members of the Council. Moreover, at intervals of three years, missions sent by the Council visit the territory to see for themselves what is happening. It will be appreciated, therefore, that in a very real sense New Zealand is acting for the members of the United Nations as a whole in its effort to improve the lot of the Samoans.

Where, then, does Samoa stand now? Perhaps I should give some account first of economic and social conditions, and conclude with a summary of recent political developments.

**T**HE great majority of the people, as I said earlier, live in the more readily accessible coastal areas. They fish in the lagoon, they have gardens, and perhaps keep cattle or pigs. For money income Samoans rely very largely on copra, from which comes coconut oil, and on cocoa and bananas. Some, but not a large proportion, work on plantations owned by Europeans. It is estimated that the Samoans themselves produce 80 percent of the copra exported, more than half of the cocoa, and 95 percent of the bananas. As cross-island roads open up new growing areas, production of bananas in particular is expanding remarkably.

It is an easy life—and no one need ever go hungry. But New Zealand's administrators and responsible Samoan leaders realize that present prosperity does not necessarily mean that a sound economic basis for the future self-governing State has yet been established. Markets for both copra and cocoa are inherently unstable; it is not easy, unfortunately, to find crops which will diversify the economy. Always there are the problems of transport and marketing. We have to look ahead. The population of Western Samoa is increasing at an amazing rate. In 20 years it will have doubled. Today more than half of the population are under the age of 21.

One agricultural enterprise in the Territory deserves special mention. After the First World War New Zealand retained large ex-German plantations which have since been administered as the New Zealand Reparation Estates. This efficient organization, whose assets are assessed at more than 3 million dollars, produces substantial quantities of cocoa, copra, and timber, and is running more than 10,000 head of cattle. Under enthusiastic management the estates have shown what can be done in Samoa, setting a standard for local planters as well as experimenting extensively with improved varieties of coconut and cacao, and with crops new to the territory. Every penny of profit, amounting to several hundreds of thousands of pounds, has been returned to Samoa. The New Zealand Government has recently undertaken to transfer technical ownership of the estates to the Samoan people, who should find them a most valuable nest egg when their territory achieves self-government.

The traditional forms of Samoan communal life have adjusted smoothly to European ways and influences. The Samoan of 1956 has wider interests and needs than his ancestors, but the structure of his



*This Western Samoan teacher integrates lessons with programs broadcast four mornings a week over Government radios provided for schools.*

society and its standard of moral and social values have in most respects changed comparatively little since the adoption of Christianity more than a century ago.

Today, as in the past, the unit of Samoan social life is the family (*aiga*). Such a family is not merely a biological group, as Europeans understand the term, consisting of parents and children, but a wider family group based on blood and marriage, or even adopted connections, all acknowledging one person as the *matai* or head of that particular group. A *matai* is a titled person whose particular duty is the leadership and care of the family under his control, and who is entitled to the services and coöperation of all members of his family in return for his leadership.

All members of a family group need not necessarily live under the same roof, or even in the same village, but will, when occasion requires it, assemble generally at the residence of the *matai* to discuss family affairs or any happenings affecting the interests of the family, or to discharge duties associated with deaths, successions, or weddings. Few women become *matai*. The higher social grades are thus not closed or exclusive, as is the case with certain other Polynesian peoples. There is a mutual interdependence and recognition of titled and untitled people. Each has its recognized and respected place in the community, and the two principal elements in society are therefore complementary.

**T**HE Samoan way of life has certain social virtues in that the old and the young are looked after and can find a place within the *aiga*. But economically it had, and has, grave limitations. Dr. Felix Keesing, who was a fellow student of mine and is now a professor at Stanford University in California, stated the problem succinctly when he wrote:

"The Samoan life is a close adjustment to a tropical climate and a fertile but isolated environment. The economic system has as a central ideal a mini-



imum of effort, in contrast to white economic ideals such as maximum production and efficiency."

Many Samoans have, it is true, accepted European economic ideals. As the statistics show, most of the main export crops are grown on their family plantations; there is undoubtedly a slowly growing consciousness that the Samoan *aiga* system and communal economy offer comparatively few incentives for increasing production, or accumulating capital for further exploitation of old or fresh means of production.

Education is another important factor making for change. Good basic educational facilities are available in the Territory and many young Samoans now go to college in New Zealand, aided by a generous scholarship scheme. As they return and their numbers increase, their influence, whether as entrepreneurs or in administration, will be increasingly felt



*At a tire re-capping plant in Apia, a tire and new covering are being placed in the mold. Western Samoa has many acres of rubber trees.*

and reflected in the habits of the community.

The strength of the old social system has been evident in negotiations and discussions concerning Samoa's political future. In 1947 the inhabitants petitioned the United Nations for immediate self-government; the New Zealand Government and the United Nations found themselves in agreement that Samoa was not yet ready to assume full responsibility for its own affairs. Nevertheless, the new constitutional arrangements introduced in that year gave a great measure of autonomy to the local Assembly.

BY 1953, however, the New Zealand Government felt sufficiently confident of Samoa's progress to propose that a constitutional convention should be held the following year at which the representatives of the people should discuss their future and consider what political and constitutional arrangements they would regard as best suited to Samoa's traditions and customs.

Bearing in mind the course of Samoa's political history, first under Mandate and later under Trusteeship, it will not seem surprising that existing institu-

tions of government and constitutional practices reflect British Parliamentary principles. When the constitutional convention met after nearly two years of preparation, the representatives of the Samoan people looked again to Parliamentary forms and discussion centered on such topics as the powers and functions of the Head of State and Premier and the institutions of Cabinet and legislature. Recommendations about these were made to the New Zealand Government, together with proposals relating to constituencies, suffrage, control of the public service, and the nature of Samoa's future relationship with New Zealand.

The convention, an entirely Samoan affair, was a great success. For six weeks in November-December, 1954, 170 delegates representing all sections of the community publicly discussed at length and responsibly the political future of their country, reaching decisions with remarkable unanimity.

The New Zealand Government has already signified its willingness to introduce several of the reforms proposed by the convention, and Samoa can look forward to a period of intensive and fruitful political activity which will take the people far along the promised road to self-government.

The representatives of Western Samoa realize that to manage their own affairs in the world of today their people must acquire certain skills in government, commerce, and the management of social services. With New Zealand's help they are steadily shouldering the responsibilities which go with self-government.

All in all, the record in Samoa is a striking story. The Samoans are a remarkable people, handsome, intelligent, and with a love of peace and of the happy and contented way of life in a tropical and



*Low-cost medical service, such as this dental work, is provided by a modern 216-bed hospital at Apia and 13 out-stations.*

beautiful territory. Now they are nearing self-government. We believe New Zealand has played its part in the political and economic progress of this picturesque area. My country remains ready to continue its help toward one of the most successful experiments in government and economics in the Pacific.

**B**Y THIS TIME tomorrow the population of the world will have increased by 84,000. By this time next year the increase in population of the United States of America will be equivalent to that of an additional city equal to Toledo, Ohio, or St. Paul, Minnesota. Within ten years the population of the Republic of India will have increased by a total equal to the present population of Great Britain.

The world demand for food, the essential for living, and power,

the essential for modern living, is increasing at an even greater rate. Not only is the number of people in the world increasing at a fantastic rate; world standards of living are also rapidly rising. As yet, food production is still lagging behind demand. And worse still, the world's available fuel supplies, the sources of power on which industry is based, are being rapidly depleted.

During recent years the problems of increasing the available food and power have received

*the world will have power to spare*

*when it makes full use of that*

## Fire from Heaven

By **ARTHUR E. H. BLEKSLEY**

*Noted Science Writer; Professor of Mathematics;  
Member, Rotary Club of Roodaapoori-Maraiburg,  
Union of South Africa*



*Converting sun to electricity, the Bell solar battery powers telephone circuits*

world-wide attention. In the field of power we already have the tremendous promise of the atom, but the fulfillment of that promise must still be seen as a matter for the next generation. In the meantime the urgency of the problem has focused attention on the most fundamental and most inexhaustible of all energy sources available to man—that of the sun.

Toward the end of 1954, under the joint auspices of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization and the Government of India, a Conference on Wind and Solar Energy in Arid Zones was held in New Delhi, India. Here an international group of scientists discussed the possibility of putting to man's use the energy which the arid zones of the earth in particular receive so lavishly. It was clearly shown at this conference, which was attended by scientists from some 20 countries, that the arid zones of the world have a particular interest in solar energy. As a general rule they are poor areas, with very limited supplies of other fuels, but by their very nature they do receive very large quantities of energy in the form of sunlight.

During the course of an average day, one square yard of the earth's surface in the desert regions of the world receives from the sun as much energy as could be obtained by burning ten pounds of coal. A square mile of sun-drenched desert receives during a Summer day as much energy from the sun as is liberated in the explosion of an atom bomb. This colossal quantity is available for the taking, but so far man has done very little about learning how to take it.

In the desert of Rajasthan in India, the delegates to the New Delhi symposium were shown something of the farming and irrigation methods still applied, unchanged over many hundreds of years, by the peasant farmer. In most cases irrigation is from shallow wells, the water level being perhaps 15 or 20 feet below the surface. The water is raised to ground level in skin buckets pulled up by means of a rope passing over a creaking pulley and drawn by two slowly mov-

ing oxen. At the top, the contents of the bucket are tipped by the farmer into the irrigation furrow, and the oxen then trudge backward to lower the bucket into the well once more. In one case, where two men and four oxen were observed carrying out this tedious and unending procedure, a rough calculation showed that between them they were providing as much water as would be delivered by an efficient motor and pump of one-third of one horsepower. Another rough calculation showed that if the solar energy falling on the area trod by the oxen were collected and used with an efficiency no greater than one percent, this energy would be more than sufficient to drive a pump of this capacity.

AT THE same time, the food problem is aggravated in areas such as this by the fact that the only fuel available to the peasant for cooking purposes is the dried dung of his cattle. In an arid region, this material should be returned to the soil in the form of manure in order to maintain its fertility. Instead, this most valuable of fertilizers is burnt in order to provide the peasant with his hot midday dinner. And yet the power of the sunlight is more than adequate to provide all the heat he needs for this purpose, as the Indian National Physical Laboratory has shown in the simple solar cooker which its experts have designed and which is sold for the very low sum of 60 rupees, or about \$15. Unfortunately the average Indian peasant still finds that 60 rupees is far too large a sum to spend on a new cooking device, and continues in the ways of his fathers.

But it is not only in the dramatically arid and sunny areas of the globe that interest in solar energy has suddenly awakened. In Arizona, another of the world's spectacularly sunny regions, during November, 1955, a World Symposium on Applied Solar Energy was held, which was attended by over a hundred scientists from abroad, as well as by some seven hundred American scientists, engineers, and industrialists interested in the application of solar energy. For the first time in the

history of solar-energy research, it became possible to obtain a complete picture of the present status of the problem and of its future prospects, and the Conference must have done much to stimulate both public interest and scientific research in the field.

Fundamentally the energy of sunlight suffers from one serious disadvantage as far as its large-scale application is concerned. The total amount of solar energy available is clearly enormous—all the earth's known reserves of coal and oil put together would not yield as much energy as is received by the earth in one month. But this energy is thinly spread: it is unconcentrated. And this means, from the point of view of practical application, that the most efficient applications are those which do not require a high temperature, and hence do not require that the sunlight be concentrated by means of mirrors.

The most important low-temperature use of energy in the world at the present time is in the heating of homes, offices, and factories. That this is no small matter is shown by the fact that about 40 percent of the total energy used in the United States is for space heating—an equivalent of 1 billion 200 million tons of coal per annum. Now, coal is capable of yielding energy at high temperature; to use it for house heating is to waste a valuable high-grade fuel. Sunlight can contribute a very material saving in this respect.

SIMILARLY the provision of hot water for domestic purposes—water the temperature of which need not be much above 140°—is a task for which the heat of the sun is eminently suited. Already, it appears, there are something like 50,000 homes in Florida, U.S.A., which receive the greater part of their hot-water supply from a simple solar-heat collector—a blackened metal plate, glass-covered on the front to cut down heat loss, and behind which the water circulates, to be heated and pass into storage tanks in the usual way. Even in a city such as Boston, which is not remarkable for the amount of sunshine it enjoys, it is possible, as the work



# Fire from Heaven

continued



Entrance to outdoor exhibit at recent World Symposium on Solar Energy in Phoenix, Ariz.

of Professor Hoyt C. Hottel and his research group at Massachusetts Institute of Technology has shown, to produce economically from 50 to 75 percent of the heat needed for domestic house and water heating from the sun. In areas where sunshine is even more common, and where conven-

tional fuel is more expensive, the sun provides us with what is undoubtedly the most economical means of heating our homes and obtaining the hot water needed for domestic purposes.

There are many parts of the world in which the great need, from the point of view of human comfort, is not so much the heating of houses in Winter as their cooling in Summer. Here we meet with the rather paradoxical possibility of using the sun's heat to cool our houses. By means of the so-called heat pump, with which we are familiar in the ordinary domestic refrigerator, it is possible to pump heat from where it is not wanted to somewhere else. In most refrigerators in common use, the heat pump is operated by electrical energy, but on farms one often sees refrigerators run by the heat generated by a small kerosene stove. The sun is equally capable of providing the motive

energy for a heat pump, and if we use solar heat for this purpose, driving a heat pump to convey the heat from inside the house out of doors, we are literally cooling our homes with solar heat.

By combining the two possibilities, it is obviously possible to air-condition buildings both Summer and Winter, with a tremendous potential reduction in the expenditure of conventional fuels, and no doubt also a valuable contribution to the smog problem which is already becoming so serious in many industrial areas.

The direct use of unconcentrated solar heat in this way is already economically possible. A little further from practical realization is the possibility of concentrating the sun's rays by means of concave mirrors and using the higher temperatures so obtained to drive steam engines or similar devices using other working fluids instead of water. The value of

*A model of the world's largest solar furnace is demonstrated at the Phoenix display. Its high temperatures produce material for industry.*





such solar engines in pumping water for irrigation purposes in arid zones is obvious. The farmer does not in general need to irrigate during rainy seasons or at night when the solar energy is not available; he irrigates when the sun is shining, and thus when the power is available. What is needed is the development of cheap, small heat engines, and already a start has been made in solving this problem, particularly in Italy.

Most spectacular of the possibilities which are not as yet economically feasible is the direct conversion of sunlight to electricity, by means of devices such as the recently developed Bell solar battery. A square yard of this material in bright sunlight provides about one hundred watts, and a house roof covered by solar batteries would provide during the sunny hours more than enough electrical power for all domestic purposes. Unfortunately at pres-



*Invented by a Lebanese scientist, this gleaming umbrella-like device is a solar cooking unit.*



*Turning salt water into fresh is this model of a tilted solar still—a promised boon to arid lands.*

ent the solar battery is still a scientific toy, far too expensive for practical application. The history of science has shown quite clearly, however, that the cost of such new devices can be enormously reduced once the demand is sufficiently great to make mass production possible, and one can hope that the same law will operate in this connection as well.

The Arizona Symposium has shown, therefore, that although solar energy is free, we cannot take it without expense. It has also become strikingly clear, however, that already we are in a position to take it as cheaply as we can take any other source of low-temperature heat, and that with the passage of time other possibilities will become practical realities.

Anthropologists date the first rise of man above the beast to his first use of fire. The ancient Greeks attributed this greatest of all gifts to Prometheus, who stole fire from Heaven for man's use. And now the scientist, in the rôle of a modern Prometheus, is learning to tap the greatest source of all, the fire of the sun, on which, directly, the possibility of life on this world depends.

# The Man With a Way With a Nickel



Photo: B  
from Ma  
Publici  
Bureau

**"NEVER"** is the wrong word to use in the presence of J. Burton Stride, of Saco, Maine, U.S.A. When he became a \$75-a-month clerk for the Biddeford and Saco Railroad Company in 1919, his boss promised he would "never" make more than \$1,500 a year, no matter how long he stayed.

At what moment he proved his boss wrong is not important, but by 1923 he was general manager and his title since 1931 has been president and treasurer.

The Biddeford and Saco Bus Line, Inc., began in 1885 as an open coach, pulled by two horses between the cities of Biddeford and Saco, then a mile or two apart, depending upon where you marked the city limits. The fare was a nickel.

With the advent of electric trolleys and motor busses the Company kept pace, and, as the years passed, the customers—grandchildren of the nickel-fare horse-car riders—opined that "Burt" Stride "never" could keep this up. The fare would just have to go up—but it didn't. Trade journals sent reporters to probe the Company's secrets.

*He makes it go as far as in '85—for his customers.*

**By JOHN R. GIBSON**

They had an angle: this was probably a "jerkwater" line with three or four beaten-up busses running on a now-and-then schedule. But they came away open-mouthed over the 12 blue and cream aluminum busses, the ivy-covered "barn," and its ultra-modern equipment. One reporter called it the best-equipped garage

Photo: Roger P. Jordan



*The man himself—J. Burton Stride, bus operator of Biddeford and Saco, Me.*

in the country. But Rotarian Stride disagreed. "It's the second-best bus shop in the nation," he said. Asked who had the best, he quipped: "Why everyone else of course. Every man likes to think of his own shop as the best." In any case it's Burt Stride's reasoning that "If we can save one life, the cost of equipment is worth while."

Generous portions of "Down East" Yankee shrewdness and good humor have been mixed with his intuitive business judgment. Whether he's buying a bus or a light bulb his buying technique is likely to be—as he puts it: "Get his lowest price; then make him an offer."

His routes have been planned so that each bus passes the garage on its run. Easy and economical communication is one advantage of this arrangement. A signal light system is in front of the garage, and each bus carries a coded color card so the driver can understand his own "messages." Once this system enabled a worried passenger to retrieve a set of false teeth. The rider had just picked up the dentures and was carrying them

home on the bus. Home, he realized that he had left them on the seat. He called the garage, and the driver was signalled in a matter of minutes. The passenger picked up his teeth the next time around.

Oftentimes a loaded bus may pull into the garage for a 90-second snow-chain installation or a 120-second tire change. The eyes of the passengers still pop over the equipment and the efficiency with which it is used. Rotarian Stride says, proudly, "The passengers get a kick out of seeing the shop."

Queried about his personnel policies—17 years is the average tenure for the whole staff—Rotarian Stride cites the more-than-usual benefits provided by the company. But his real secret is a typical capsule of Stride wisdom and humor: "I do not breathe down their necks. In fact, I'm too short to."

For his five-feet, six inches he has cast a long shadow in his community. His interests have ranged as widely as his well-directed busses. *Who's Who in Commerce and Industry* needs almost a full column to cover his service work, but the high lights have been his

leadership of the Biddeford-Saco Rotary Club, the New England Council, the New England Transit Club, and the Maine Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He was also treasurer and the guiding force in raising a million dollars for a new wing to Webber Hospital. He takes a great interest in the Sweetser Children's Home, and he is a director of the York National Bank—Maine's oldest.

He has a fierce loyalty to his community that is as invincible as granite. Saco, population 10,000 (Biddeford has 20,000), has a prosperous little fire-insurance company with deep roots in the community. As Rotarian Stride tells it: "Six years ago a few men from somewhere outside Maine decided it would be a good thing for our insurance company to 'join' with a flock of other mutuals and thereby make one big, strong, healthy, happy family, moving of course the venerable old home office to some other State, taking those loyal employees with them (maybe), if they wanted to clip their roots of birth and go out yonder. . . ."

Rotarian Stride and several

other policyholders said they did not like the idea—would have none of it. To which the out-of-State operators said: "We'll meet you on the courthouse steps."

He concludes: "They did meet us on the courthouse steps—in fact, inside. Later, they walked down the same steps—wiser, if not richer. And our insurance company of Saco, pronounced 'Socko,' by the way, is still doing business at the same old stand."

"Same Nickel Fare Since Horse Car Days" is a slogan which won't change, either, if Rotarian Stride can help it. Last year an editorial in a Boston newspaper said the Company had "defied the laws of economics, gravity, momentum, and Nature by charging the same nickel fare they did back in 1885. They have just replaced their old busses with bright, big new ones and intend to go on hauling people for some time for that same old battered nickel. There ought to be a monument."

Several "monuments" have already been created, but the one Rotarian J. Burton Stride likes best is the collective smile on the faces of his passengers.

## No. 1 Job

AN English doctor once wrote a book which described how, in his youth, he had applied for research scholarships that would permit him to prepare for a medical career by studying the health of very healthy people. He was laughed at. He found that he must do as everybody else did, and study the sick or the diseased bodies of the dead—never the well!

Today a great many people are doing research work in health, but many of them are people who started out to study, of all things, dirt; they are soil scientists. With the confidence born of significant discoveries, the researchers are saying that soil knowledge is a broom that might sweep disease out of human life.

For example, they know that one-fourth-thousandth of an ounce of cobalt in a ton of forage can be the difference between healthy calves and dead ones; that men sometimes die of "heart disease" because they don't eat enough boron or zinc; that roosters, failing to get the tiny bit of manganese they need, become hopeless cripples; that "contented" cows be-



come nervous wrecks if their food lacks the minute amounts of magnesium they require.

Evidence keeps accumulating that only healthy soils produce healthy foods. Dr. Firman E. Bear, of Rutgers University, has studied the mineral content of vegetables grown on different soils, and found, among other things, that spinach could have as few as 18.6 parts per million of iron when grown on certain Long Island soils, but as many as 2,895.2 parts per million when grown on certain Indiana soils; and that tomatoes from different soils might look alike but differ tremendously in food value. What is not in the soil cannot be in the plant; what is not in the plant cannot be in the hen, the cow, the steer, the lamb—or in you and me.

A most significant trend is that our soil has been deteriorating at about the same rate that degenera-

tive diseases have been increasing.

Soil scientists are learning how farmers can keep soils healthy, and a few farmers are putting the knowledge into practice. This trickle of progress must become a torrent. Soil conservation, which means health conservation, is my country's number 1 job. Farmers are custodians of the soil, hence in a special sense of the nation's health, but farmers cannot do it alone.

That Rotarians in many parts of the world are alert to their responsibilities here is proved by an increasing number of Club and Committee projects which involve farmer members and rural neighbors. Conservation-minded citizens are becoming aware that they can—indeed they must—become partners with the farmers and the researchers in saving and building our source of life: the soil.

—Neil M. Clark



# Arts of the Armorer

*They still live in this museum telling how a great industry grew from a craft.*

**T**HE DAYS of old when knights were bold may have vanished from most of the world. But in collections around the earth, relics from the Age of Chivalry today tell an intriguing story—and less about the techniques of war than about the birth of the steel industry.

The bristling armor seen here and on page 20, wrought from steel plates five centuries ago, is part of a collection called the Higgins Armory in Worcester, Massachusetts, and amassed by Worcester Rotarian John Woodman Higgins. In its Great Hall, the suits of German knights from the Rhineland are poised alongside the armor of their rivals from Castile and Provence.

Among the more than 7,000 pieces, a visitor can trace the development of armor from its first functionalism through its ornate flowering, down to its futility in the face of democratic gun powder. This exciting progression inspired one lad among the thousands of annual visitors to return home and build his own suit of armor from his mother's coffee cans and pudding molds.

The collection, in a setting of Gothic style, is considered one of the finest in the world. Authentic banners, which once swirled proudly over battlefields, now hang in the vaulted reaches. In one of the niches is a complete armorer's shop, even including the little miniature metal suit that each armorer's apprentice was required to make as a sort of final examination before he could qualify as a master.

Here, also, is the story of steel craft, from the first crude hammerings to the elaborately chased and figured pieces of later times. The makers of armor were the first to learn the basic lessons of steel handling—hammering, forging, tempering—which today are used in our automobile bodies, refrigerators, pots and pans, tin cans, and all the plethora of steel which braces the life of modern man. In the hush of halls like these are enshrined the first stirrings of the Age of Steel.



*A knight from Nuremberg (above) eternally couches his lance while (top right) a young visitor tries an elaborately decorated shield and sword for his lady fair—even as long ago. (At far right center) An attendant explains the miniature suit made by an armorer's apprentice as a "final exam" before he was qualified to make suits like those standing silent in the great building (bottom right) of the Higgins collection.*





# Arts of the Armorer *(Continued)*



*Young misses may not be able to trace the influence of armoring in today's steel industry—but the dragon emblem is fascinating.*

Photos: Grundy from Three Lions



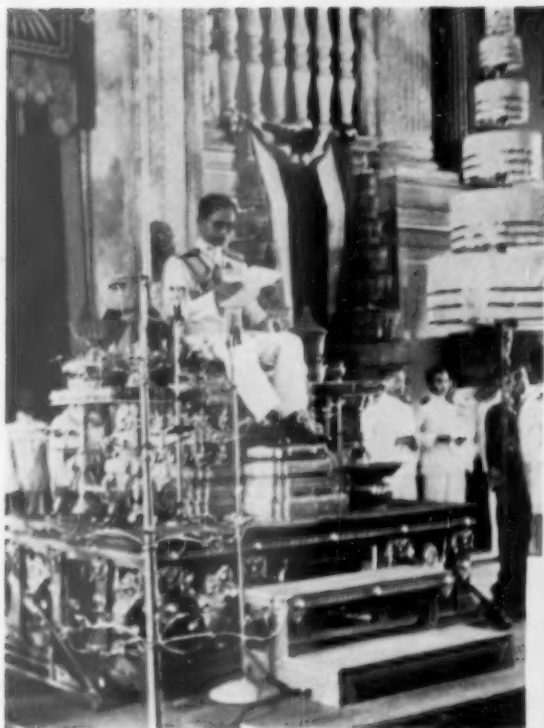
*Even the medieval dogs, if they belonged to a knight, had their own, especially tailored and heavy, armor.*



*A knight in 1420 found this suit adequate defense against swords—but democratic gun powder changed his clothing.*



*From shops like this, now reproduced in the Higgins collection, armorers laid the foundation of today's pressed-steel industry. They learned how to shape steel to design, and then how to beautify it.*



Royal Patron of Rotary in Thailand is His Majesty King Rama IX, shown here in portrait and in a throne room of the Grand Palace in Bangkok. In a drawing room of Amphorn Palace he recently received Rotary's International President A. Z. Baker and his wife, Cornelia, as they visited his kingdom on their Asian travels (see page 4). Bangkok Rotarians who accompanied the President during the audience presented their young (28) Boston-born ruler with a gavel symbolic of his patronage of Rotary. Thailand's Rotarians number 150.

# ROTARIANS IN THE NEWS

**W**HEREVER you find men joining their efforts to lift the levels of their crafts and communities you are likely to find Rotarians on hand and leading. Here are four recently honored for such leadership . . . and a monarch who looks with favor on the men of his land who serve in such ways beneath the Rotary wheel.



Print specially produced for THE ROTARIAN from large portrait in Thai Embassy in Washington, D. C.



Howard D. Williams, of Worcester, Mass., was recently elected to preside over the Abrasive Grain Association as chairman.



Dr. Norman P. Auburn, president of the University of Akron, Ohio, heads the Association of Urban Universities. They total 80.



Royden A. Blunt, of Baltimore, Md., is serving as this year's president of the Glass Container Manufacturers Institute.

Raymond A. Schaub, of Hammond, Ind., has been named president of the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association.



Photos: (top) United Press; (left) of Baltimore

# **We Like To Entertain** *- in Philadelphia*



**By Herman O. West**

*Chairman, Host Club Executive Committee,  
1956 Convention of Rotary International*

## ***Some notes on the lighter side of Rotary's coming Convention in Philadelphia.***

**A**T LAST! At last we are to have a Convention of Rotary International in Philadelphia! We've waited for this since 1910, when our Club was born. We've come close several times. We've helped entertain Rotary folks en route to Conventions in near-by New York and Atlantic City. Now, finally, the great chance is to be ours—on June 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. You can be sure we are going to make the utmost of it.

We're not, in fact, going to wait for June 3 to start things. If you are among the thousands who will arrive on or before Saturday, June 2, you will find us ushering you that afternoon into busses for a drive through our woodsy suburbs, and thence out to Longwood Gardens 30 miles southwest of

town. Trees, flowers, water gardens, greenhouses, arboretum—here the late Pierre S. DuPont planted one of the most beautiful horticultural showplaces anywhere. Its fountain displays are dazzlingly spectacular. In the evening colored lights play upon the plumes and jets of water, all controlled from a console like that of a pipe organ. In that setting we'll serve you a buffet supper and then lead you to the Gardens' outdoor theater. It seats about 2,200 people and its curtain is made of water and light. This will come down for a musical treat we plan to put on the stage.

But that event, my dear reader, is just incidental . . . and I am way ahead of my story.

Where does it really start? It

starts with the fact that once a year Rotary holds a Convention of delegates and others from its 8,900 Clubs in 95 countries to check up on the progress of our international fellowship, to plan the next year's work, to spark us all with new enthusiasm, and (in even-numbered years like this one) to make new rules or amend the old.

The story then moves on to the fact that Rotary has chosen our city of liberty and love as the site of its 1956 meeting, and, as a result, about 1,000 men, women, and children here are working joyously on Host Club Committees to make everything comfortable, memorable, and meaningful for the 8,000 guests we expect to entertain and to prove that the choice of Father Penn's town was



as wise as it was deliberate.

You see, we have:

—*The Place* . . . a city of 2,115,000 that has about as high a content of history, culture, and natural beauty as any city in the Western Hemisphere. Did you read Bob Yoder's Philadelphia story in *THE ROTARIAN* for February? If not, do. It was good.

—*The Hall* . . . Our Convention Hall surely is one of the finest and its facilities are so varied that we can house practically everything under that one great arching roof—plenary sessions, House of Friendship (in the ballroom), small assemblies, even a quick lunch for thousands every noon. The city has just put 4 million dollars' worth of modernity into the building and this includes air conditioning throughout.

—*The Hotels* . . . We've booked 3,772 rooms in 22 fine-to-very-good hostelrys for you and we predict you will like them. Also, we have many excellent motels.

—*The Program* . . . J. Cleve Allen, Chairman of the 1956 Convention Committee of Rotary International, is going to tell you about this in a later issue—about the fine speakers, group and craft assemblies, Council on Legislation, and so on.

—*The Entertainment* . . . and this it is my real pleasure to de-

tail for you right here and now.

Millions of people on many continents know the Philadelphia Orchestra and its great music. It's the first item on our entertainment schedule and it comes in Convention Hall on the evening of *Sunday, June 3*. Yes, Eugene Ormandy will conduct. He is going to fly home from Europe just for this concert. As you may know, Mr. Ormandy and his famed musicians made a highly successful European tour in 1955, giving 27 concerts in 17 cities in 11 countries. I'm told that everybody liked them, as you will.

Rotary Conventions, if you don't know it, are family affairs, with Mother and the kids sharing the whole week with Dad. We hope and figure there will be about 500 juniors in our midst, and they are going to "tee off" their activities on the afternoon of *Monday, June 4*, with a "mixer" dance in a hotel ballroom, breaking it up early enough to join the folks in Convention Hall for an evening of colorful entertainment featuring our famous Philadelphia Mummers organization. With costumes, comedy, and chords, the Mummers banish the most stubborn cares.

Let me see—there's to be a special event for the ladies on the afternoon of *Tuesday, June 5*, and

our present plan is that it will take place in Garden State Park on the edge of Camden, which is our sister city just across the Delaware River in New Jersey. There will be refreshments, entertainment, and a chance for our wives and daughters to meet and chat.

All through the week there are

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#### BOOKED YOUR BED?

More than 3,500 rooms in some 20 hotels are available to Rotary folks for the Philadelphia Convention, as this article reports. Do you want one of them? The way to apply for it is to ask your Club Secretary for hotel-reservations forms—if you live in the United States or Canada. If you live in Asia, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa, ask your District Governor. If you live in Continental Europe, North Africa, or the Eastern Mediterranean Region, ask Rotary's Continental European Office in Zurich, Switzerland. If you live in the British Isles, ask the headquarters of Rotary International in Britain and Ireland in London.

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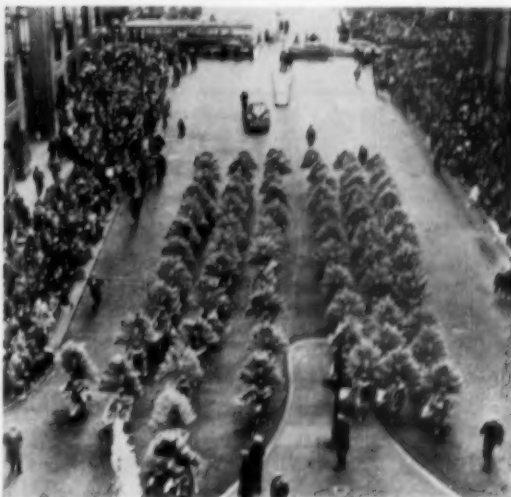
going to be special events for "the girls" while their husbands are deep in the discussion of Rotary affairs. Tuesday night brings the traditional Fellowship Dinners to be held in hotel ballrooms. Eleven of them are scheduled and one of them is for you, be it the Ibero-American Dinner, the British Commonwealth of Nations Din-



The renowned Philadelphia Orchestra, under the baton of the equally noted Eugene Ormandy, who will fly home from Europe for the event, will entertain in Convention Hall Sunday evening.

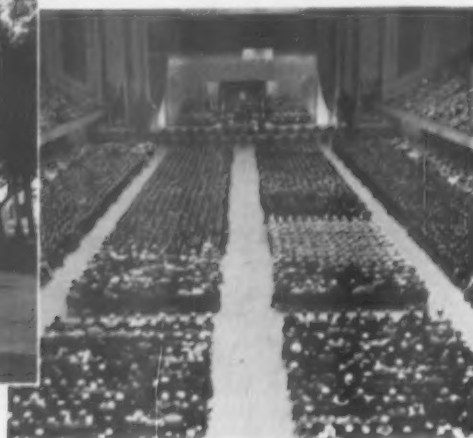
Great paraders, full of surprises, the Philadelphia Mummers will act in an "extravaganza" of great fun scheduled for Monday night.

Photos: Philadelphia Convention Bureau





The exterior and interior (below) of Philadelphia's Convention Hall, which seats some 10,000 people without strain, will be the site of the Convention—and the House of Friendship will be located in the building's ballroom, just one flight up from the main hall.



ner, the Districts So-and-So Dinner, or whatever. A good meal, a little entertainment, just the proper dash of speeches, and lots of good regional and international fellowship—that's the recipe for these much loved dinners. And should you feel left out, don't. Our Pennsylvania Dinner is for everyone who doesn't go to others.

Most of us Rotary people, being friendly, gregarious, interested human beings, like to get into the homes of new friends. Well, sir and madam, *Wednesday night, June 6*, is going to see thousands of Conventioneers in the homes of Pennsylvania Rotarians for buffet suppers. Yes, we're carrying on the wonderful tradition begun in Mexico City in '52, with an evening in the homes of the Con-

vention city and its suburbs. Guests will be invited on the basis of distance from Philadelphia—those coming farthest being considered first. It will all be handled by tickets—so check up when you check in. Incidentally, our numerous suburban Rotary Clubs are helping on many details of Convention planning, and especially on this international night in our homes. They're opening theirs, too.

Your host that evening has another function before it's over—to get you and your party to the President's Friendship Ball at about 9 o'clock. The great Convention Hall here in which we will hold our speaking sessions will have been cleared, trimmed, and otherwise transformed into a

vast ballroom. A first-class, big-sized orchestra will hold forth all evening. On one side of the ballroom you will find our President, A. Z. Baker, and his lady, Cornelia, and members of the Board whose terms are soon to end and their ladies. On the opposite side will be our next President and his lady, and Rotarians who will compose his Board and their ladies. All around will be you and you and us, dancing, getting acquainted, making the most of the great opportunities for friendship that this Rotary of our affords. It's always a Friendship Ball, but at "A. Z.'s" suggestion we are calling it that for the first time.

The University of Pennsylvania Glee Club from Philadelphia; the Stephen Foster Singers from Mor-

## WHO SAID 'DIE'?

**J**UST A year ago I addressed the Rotary Club of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. As I waited in the hotel lobby for the members to gather, a smiling, white-haired gentleman came up to me and introduced himself as a Rotarian. As we exchanged names, he handed me his business card. In the upper left-hand corner the card said: *No phone*. In the upper right-hand corner: *No address*. In the lower left-hand corner: *No business*. In the remaining corner: *Retired*.

"You haven't much to do, have you?" I asked this spry 78-year-old.

"Why, I'm busier now than I ever was," he re-

plied, and when I asked how that could be he explained it this way: "I have an understanding with the Rotary Club that anything that needs to be done that no one else will do, I will do. And you know, I'm having the time of my life. I'm in more things than ever; I'm in a whole new world. Yes, sir, I'm the happiest man in this Rotary Club, retired."

The story needs no moralistic embroidery, but every organization I know of needs more cheery spirits like that of the little old man in Milwaukee.

—Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr.  
Congregational Minister  
Los Angeles, Calif.

ris, Ill.; the Rhythmaires from Forest Grove, Oregon; and the Upper Darby High School Choir from Upper Darby, Pennsylvania—these groups will lighten our plenary sessions throughout the week, and the list of big and little groups of entertainers that will brighten our dinners, teas, luncheons, and the House of Friendship, runs on and on.

The House of Friendship? It will be centered in the ballroom of the Convention hall, just one flight up from the main floor. A lovely room in itself, complete with full stage, tall windows, and fine decor, it will be transmuted into a true bit of Pennsylvania. Lovely fragrant specimens of our flowers and shrubs will grace the tables and fringe the sofas, and in each corner of the room will loom a large replica of a Philadelphia landmark . . . enabling you to say to friends, "Meet me under the Liberty Bell in the House of Friendship." Here in this cheerful, comfortable place designed for sitting, writing, and relaxing is the spot in which to get a new slant on the world, a wider one. A lot of people who do or don't know you expect to see you there.

And then, my friends? In between times you have this whole great city and area of ours to explore. Even after discounting my own pride and prejudice, I do believe we have a location in the U.S.A. and on this earth that would be pretty hard to beat for history, industry, education, scenic beauty, art, music, and some other things.

Why, here are Valley Forge, Independence Hall, Betsy Ross House. Here are the Aquarium, the Commercial Museum, Franklin Institute, Fels Planetarium, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Philadelphia Museum of Arts. Here is Fairmount Park, the largest city park in the world, lying in the shadow of our skyscrapers. And just a few hours away are Atlantic City, Washington, and New York.

Come! Come early. Stay late! Speaking for our Club President Frank Will and 643 other truthful men, I promise you the finest Rotary Convention in history. That's our goal and it's a worthy one, isn't it?

## A Handicap Produced a Help for Others

**T**ENSENESS permeated the ward at Hines General Hospital near Chicago as two gadgeteers prepared for their final test. It was a consequential moment; the outcome could spell victory—or another mental recession. A rehabilitation problem was at stake.

The two war veterans—Warren Mollenkamp and Harry Hughes—realized that if their invention worked, they would be business-bound despite physical handicaps which earlier had seemed to be a barrier to them. Moreover, if successful, they could make available to many handicapped persons a mechanism that would enable them to lead more complete and happier lives.

The two experimenters rechecked their equipment and made a few adjustments. Warren Mollenkamp worked the lever, repeating the operation again and again. "It works!" at last he exclaimed jubilantly.

His co-worker, Harry Hughes, had difficulty controlling his emotions. In fact, he nearly catapulted himself from his wheel chair.

The other patients, all suffering from severe handicaps, cheered. They had been the "guinea pigs" since the device passed the blueprint stage, and they had observed the two co-workers meet each failure with new determination to get the job done.

Warren Mollenkamp, a former Marine officer from Lexington, Missouri, became a paraplegic after being shot down in combat. But he fought doggedly against terrific odds to be self-dependent. He resolved his problem at Hines, where he met Harry Hughes, another paraplegic, originally from Bastrop, Louisiana, now a resident of Gashland, Texas. Hughes, a medic, was wounded in the back by a wooden bullet from a Nazi sniper's gun during World War II.

The two men were good for each other. Simultaneously, Warren Mollenkamp says, each had a brainstorm. Why not develop a device which would help their fellow crippled servicemen—and others, too—to operate an automobile? Together, they worked on a hand-control idea, largely by the trial-and-error method.

One improvement followed another, and eventually came the satisfying conviction that their device would work—and sell. It was patented under the name "Hughes Driving Control." Although Hughes supplied most of the mechanical



Warren Mollenkamp at the control built for a handicapped driver.

know-how in the early days, he turned over the manufacture and promotion of the device to Warren Mollenkamp after a satisfactory royalty agreement had been worked out.

The latter's spinal affliction came when he was shot down during the grim days at Guadalcanal, where he commanded a torpedo squadron which lost 24 out of 36 crews in a few short weeks. He continued to fly, however, even when he had to have his back taped and required a special back pack on his parachute. Often at the end of a seven-hour mission, he had to be lifted out of the plane's cockpit. He was released from the service in 1945 with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and was awarded a Purple Heart, a Distinguished Flying Cross, and an Air Medal with cluster. He spent the next 18 bleak months at Lawson Veterans Hospital in Atlanta, Georgia. Slightly improved, he moved to Clinton, Iowa, but he suffered another setback—this one the worst yet. He was sent to Hines General Hospital.

Prepared to accept any verdict, he simply gritted his teeth when the doctors told him they could not come up with an answer. It was at this time that he met Hughes, and the two men began to pool their ideas and resources. The driving control was the result.

Today he's back in his home town, providing a commodity that many paraplegics and others need to get around and to enjoy life. He became a member of the Rotary Club of Lexington in 1953.

Rotarian Mollenkamp operates the business from a large building adjoining his home, but his sales demonstrations and business interests take him over 2,500 miles a month—and until recently he used the car which he equipped with controls in 1951.

Warren Mollenkamp finds time to be active in his Rotary Club and his church, and Lexingtonians who have had firsthand experience—and many have—say that Rotarian Mollenkamp, who married last Summer, also prepares the best fried chicken in Missouri.

—JOHN PIRHALLA, JR.



# Modern Highways:

## *How to Get Them*

### The Symposium-of-the-Month

**I**N 312 B.C., when the Romans mixed stone, gravel, and mortar to start the Appian Way, man began the laborious assault upon the axle-deep mud and unyielding terrain which, even today, hold back his vehicles. One of the symbols of the Age of the Wheel—men trying to shoulder their wagons through the mud—has not been easy to erase. Two Englishmen named Telford and McAdam introduced scientific road building at the outset of the 19th Century, but, generally speaking, progress has been slow.

Widespread industrialization, dependent upon the mobility of population, has focused world-wide attention upon the need for safe, convenient, and economical systems of transportation.

In the United States, however, a fairly adequate highway system has been rendered obsolete and dangerous by sheer numbers of high-powered vehicles. More than 61 million motorcars and trucks now jam the 3-million-plus miles of highways and country roads—many of which have been superimposed upon what once were crooked wagon paths. Last year 38,500 persons were killed and more than 1,350,000 persons injured on U. S. highways, not to mention the damages and losses accruing from unmanageable traffic.

In 1954 President Eisenhower appointed five distinguished men, headed by General

Lucius D. Clay, retired, to analyze the highway system and to make legislative recommendations. The Clay report, based partly on an earlier study by Bureau of Public Roads engineers, recommended a ten-year modernization program for the existing 40,000-mile Interstate Highway System as the keystone of a long-range plan for bringing U. S. highways up to date.

A bill incorporating most of the Clay Committee's plan was defeated in Congress, mostly because of disagreement over methods of financing. Two other bills were introduced; one was defeated, the other passed the Senate. Many observers believe that the 84th Congress will enact some kind of highway legislation.

There is no disagreement over the necessity for modern, safe highways, but serious cleavages arise in any discussion of how to get them. It is impossible to present all the divergent points of view, but here in the symposium-of-the-month five authorities on highway matters share their views with you. Their remarks not only contribute to the formation of public opinion on a timely issue in the United States, but they also illuminate problems and principles which claim interest in most of the 95 lands where this Magazine circulates. We invite your comments in brief letter form.—*The Editors.*



# Money Is the Problem, Not Know-How, But Saving Lives Is Worth the Cost

By REX WHITTON

*President of the American Association  
of State Highway Officials, Chief En-  
gineer, Missouri Highway Department,  
Rotarian, Jefferson City, Missouri.*



**T**HE PRESENT highway system of the United States has its origin in the Federal Aid Act of 1916, which provided for money distribution, on a matching basis, to the States having highway departments for the construction of highways. This continuing Federal aid, in the form of money and limited supervisory control through the Bureau of Public Roads, has been one of the key factors that has helped build a highway system which today stands somewhat in a dual position—the best in the world yet at the same time entirely inadequate for the present and future needs of an increasing population.

This highway problem covers the entire national highway system—Primary, Interstate, Urban, and Secondary routes. Perhaps definitions of these types of highways would be helpful.

The Primary System, including the Interstate System, comprises 234,407 miles, connecting population centers, industrial areas, and other important points.

The 40,000-mile Interstate System includes highways of most importance to the defense and peacetime economy of the United States. This limited mileage passes through all the 48 States, joins 42 State capitals, connects all the principal industrial centers and 90 percent of the cities of more than 50,000 population. This system comprises 1.2 percent of the total highway mileage and carries more than one-seventh of the total traffic volume. It is the nation's basic highway network.

The Urban System consists of extensions and connections of the Interstate and Primary System highways in and through urban areas of 5,000 or more population.

The 508,000-mile Secondary System consists of rural highways serving local needs and providing avenues for movement of farm produce.

The Federal Government, as it has done since 1916, should provide the incentive and initiative for the States by increasing its financial aid for highways. Highways have become more and more a national economic factor and, as such, more of a national responsibility in the matter of financing them.

At its December, 1955, meeting in New Orleans the American Association of State Highway Officials, whose membership is made up of highway officials of all the 48 States, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the District of Columbia, and the Bureau of Public Roads, unanimously adopted a statement urging the enactment of an expanded and adequate highway program during the second session of the 84th Congress.

The AASHO statement further urged: that the program should be administered by the Bureau of Public Roads and be constructed under supervision of the various State highway departments; it should indicate the intent of Congress to construct the 40,000-mile Interstate System in not more than 15 years; it should provide a progressive increase in the Federal aid to Secondary, Urban, and Primary System highways; the initial program authorization should be for a period of five years.

The Association also recommended that matching of funds for constructing the Interstate System should be on a 90 percent Federal and 10 percent State basis. Matching of funds on the other system would be left as pro-

vided under existing legislation, on a 50-50 basis.

A Federal-State partnership has proved adequate in the building of highways. But as traffic volumes mounted beyond even the dreams of the most forward-looking engineers, one primary need has stood out to retard modernization and expansion of highways—finances.

The AASHO set up a plan for obtaining the needed revenue, too. It was suggested that Congress give consideration to the dedication of more of the general fund to road construction in view of Federal responsibility in the national defense system of highways.

It was also suggested that such additional revenues as may be needed in the judgment of Congress for highway financing could be obtained by using one or more of the following:

1. A reasonable increase in the present Federal motor fuel tax.
2. A reasonable tax or an increase in tax on items not now taxed by the States but that will serve as a measure of highway use.
3. The reasonable use of short-term credit financing with due consideration to its effect upon the national-debt limitation.

Modern highways are economically sound. It costs less in lives, money, and time to have them than not to have them. One-fourth of the more than 38,000 lives lost on our obsolete highways last year could have been saved if maximum engineering know-how had been expended on our highways ten years ago. This fact alone, not to mention all the additional benefits, makes the cost comparatively small.

## Sound Financing and Fair User Charges Are the Bases for Equitable Solution



By WILLIAM T. FARICY

*President of the Association of American Railroads. Chairman of the U.S. National Commission of the Pan-American Railway Congress Association.*

**A**FTER more than a full year's discussion of expanding Federal-aid highway programs, the growing conviction has emerged that highway financing should not:

1. Jeopardize sound control of the Federal budget and the national debt.

2. Jeopardize Federal functions which can be financed only from general tax revenues.

3. Jeopardize prospects for relief from existing heavy burdens on general taxpayers.

Proposals to divert revenues from existing Federal excise taxes to expand Federal highway aid ignore the serious impact which this drain of general funds would have on other necessary functions of government.

No such dilemma is presented when highways are paid for by those who use them, not by general taxpayers. Every one of the 48 States of the U.S.A. applies the principle of user charges in financing its highways, and every State also levies special graduated fees and charges on large and heavy vehicles.

With acceptance of the user-charge principle, the major obstacle to an expanded Federal highway program is insistence by heavy trucking interests that all Federal charges for highway use must apply "across-the-board" to the motorist and heavy vehicle alike.

Consider, for example, an "across-the-board" user charge on motor fuel. For each cent of motor fuel tax paid, the heavy vehicle gets about five times as much highway use as does the ordinary automobile on account of their different weights and mileages. Compared with the automobile, a heavy vehicle thus pays in fuel

charges about one-fifth of its proportionate share of highway costs, leaving four-fifths that it should pay in other special user charges. When consideration is given to their extreme differences of annual highway use measured by both weight and mileage, the average heavy vehicle should pay about 75 times more each year than the average automobile or other light vehicle, as shown below:

### *Automobile*

2 tons x 10,000 miles equals  
20,000 ton-miles a year

### *Heavy Vehicle*

30 tons x 50,000 miles equals  
1,500,000 ton-miles a year

The trucking industry, using annual figures, points out that a heavy vehicle pays more in "across-the-board" charges than does an automobile. Obviously, because of its greater weight and its far greater annual mileage, the average heavy vehicle does consume more fuel and therefore pays more fuel tax—about 15 times more. But this is only one-fifth of the total annual charges it should pay, which as demonstrated above should be about 75 times greater than for the average automobile or other light vehicle.

Contentions of the trucking industry that "across-the-board" charges are fair take no account of overwhelming and verified evidence — the Government-sponsored road tests in Maryland and Idaho, for example—that heavy trucks not only require construction of special and costly highway facilities unnecessary for light vehicles, but also damage existing highways faster than money can be found for repairs and replacement.

On highways of the type now

proposed for the Interstate System, to be financed largely with Federal-aid funds, heavy truckers would save in operating economies 5 cents or more a mile. Yet last year they objected to proposed Federal charges which would have cost them only a fraction of one cent a vehicle-mile.

The real nature of their "fair share" which the truckers allege would result from "across-the-board" user charges was revealed in a 1953 report by the New York State Legislative Committee on Highways, Canals, and Revenues. Of their efforts to impose on private motorists costs which the heavy vehicles should properly bear, the report said:

The highway transportation industry... has consistently resisted nearly every conceivable type of highway taxation, although it hypothetically and piously continues to assert a willingness to pay increased taxes if they are "equitable." Almost invariably this means some other tax than the one or the ones under consideration. The sole tax the industry has supported in any degree is the gas tax, since the major share of this tax would be paid by passenger cars and light vehicles. . . .

State legislatures are continually confronted with such resistance. Now the United States Congress faces this same problem.

The Federal Government, unlike the States, imposes no charges for highway use. Any enlarged program of Federal highway aid must go hand in hand with a plan for sound financing, and the larger the program, the more important that it be financially sound.

## We Favor Highway Modernization, Too, but without Crushing Vital Industry

By **JOHN V. LAWRENCE**

*Managing Director of the American  
Trucking Associations. Member of the  
Highway Research Board of the  
National Research Council.*



**T**HE progressively worsening ratio of road capacity to increased traffic in the United States has placed the country face to face with a real emergency. The economic future, national defense, and personal safety of the citizens are in constant jeopardy as long as this critical inadequacy of the highway system exists.

This emergency is as real as any of the great national disasters—floods, hurricanes, and the like. The annual national highway death toll, if its tragedies were together in time and place, would be much more dramatic.

The trucking industry is well aware of the urgency of this situation and has, time and again, pledged its support to the modernization of the Federal Interstate Highway System proposed last year. During the first session of the 84th Congress we were the first group to stand up in favor of the highway plan financed by the bond issue. The trucking industry also endorsed the bond plan with increased taxes, and even increased taxes alone. But despite this cooperation, we, unfortunately, found ourselves charged with blocking the highway program because we felt compelled to object to an inequitable tax scheme that would have saddled the industry with a crushing and disproportionate share of the increased taxes.

When the present session begins consideration of highway legislation, the trucking industry again will be early in line to pledge its support and will work vigorously for the passage of a highway bill with equitable financing provisions.

We believe that highways should be paid for by those who

benefit from them. However, it must be borne in mind that owners and operators of motor vehicles are not the only beneficiaries. Highways are everyone's business. Every citizen benefits from them directly or indirectly. Economic welfare, national defense, and personal security are in the balance.

Nevertheless, the trucking industry is aware that highway users are going to be asked to pay the lion's share of the cost of the proposed program, on a so-called pay-as-you-go basis. The trucking industry is willing to go along with this method of financing in the interest of expediting a new highway system.

We ask only that such new taxes be levied by identical tax rates which will tax highway users varying amounts in dollars. Trucks will pay much more than passenger cars. The rate of fuel tax, rubber tax, and excise tax would be the same, for example, but the amount of tax would not.

As an illustration, the average passenger car, according to the Bureau of Public Roads, gets 16½ miles per gallon and therefore would pay the Federal gas tax each time it moved 16½ miles over the roads. The larger trucks get only 3½ miles per gallon and would pay the tax every time they moved 3½ miles over the highways. In other words—at the same rate of tax—the larger trucks would pay almost five times as much as the average passenger car.

Similarly, a passenger-car tire weighs on the average of 22 pounds and a fully equipped car carries five tires. At 5-cents-a-pound tax on rubber, a car owner would pay \$1.10 per tire, or \$5.50

for a complete set. But a large tire weighs 110 pounds and large trucks carry 18 such tires per unit. At that same rate of 5 cents per pound, the truck would pay a Federal tire tax of \$99, or 18 times as much as the passenger car—at the same rate of taxation.

The same holds true for Federal excise taxes. A 10 percent tax on the factory price on the average passenger car would amount to about \$180. For one of the large trucks, whose factory cost is \$20,000 (and many cost a good deal more), the excise tax would be \$2,000. At the same rate of tax, therefore, the truck would pay 11 times as much.

In addition, the trucking industry vehicles are already subject to heavy taxes in the States, presumably for road-building purposes. Generally, the average large truck's annual State tax contribution is 30 to 40 times that of the passenger car.

During the past ten years the amount of Federal taxes paid by highway users to the Government has exceeded by 10 billion dollars the amount appropriated for highway expenditures.

It is for these reasons that the trucking industry has insisted defensively that it not be singled out for further inequitable tax burdens. Such a burden would make it impossible for trucks to continue a service needed by the public and, incidentally, would kill the goose that lays the golden egg of highway-tax revenue.

The trucking industry has been and will be just as vigilant and energetic in mobilizing its support for an equitable program as it was in rallying to protest a proposed inequitable and punitive measure.

## 'Master Plan' Must Recognize the Place of Privately Financed Toll Highways



By **ALBERT J. WEDEKING**

*President of the American Bridge, Tunnel, and Turnpike Associations.  
Executive Director of the Indiana Toll Road Commission.*

**A** BOLD spending program capable of producing quick results is necessary to give the United States the highways that will meet its present and future traffic needs.

Many States have already found that an excellent means toward this end, without undue burden on the taxpayer, is to supplement their tax-financed public roads with privately financed toll roads. Twenty-eight States have enacted toll-road legislation.

The operating records of existing toll roads tell a convincing success story. The New Jersey Turnpike collected tolls in 1954 at a rate 19 years ahead of preconstruction engineering estimates. Extensions have been built on both ends of the original Pennsylvania Turnpike and enabling legislation has been passed to permit construction of another parallel turnpike.

Contrary to popular belief, toll roads are neither new nor native to the United States. They are a part of our English heritage, dating back to the first Turnpike Act passed by the British Parliament of 1663.

Traffic along "The Great North Road," a public highway extending north from London toward Scotland, became so congested that Britain's lawmakers in that year decided to try toll financing of highways with private capital. Subsequently, a network of 2,300 toll roads developed in Britain, and the idea spread to the United States with construction of the first American toll road—the Philadelphia-Lancaster Turnpike—in 1792.

A modern revival of toll roads began in 1940 with construction of the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut and completion the same

year of the famed Pennsylvania Turnpike, the first full-fledged modern United States toll road serving both passenger and commercial traffic.

To date about 1,500 miles of toll roads have been put into operation in the United States, an additional 1,200 miles are under construction, and about 6,000 more miles are either on drawing boards or proposed. These are all State projects.

So far there has been no Federal recognition of the value of toll roads as an integral part of a master plan.

States which have already attempted to solve their own highway problems with toll roads should be given credit for this with Federal matching funds in ratio to the funds expended for toll highway construction. The Federal matching funds then could be used to build needed public roads.

Federal road officials should co-operate more closely with State toll-road authorities to prevent duplication of facilities. This would mean coordinating existing toll highways with the National Interstate System. State control of all toll roads should be retained, of course.

Briefly, the main advantages of toll highways are:

1. They are safer than conventional highways. In 1954 the average fatality rate per 100 million miles of vehicular travel on three major toll roads—the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Turnpikes and the New York Thruway—was 3.08. The national rate on all roads was 6.5!

2. Toll roads can be built without expenditure of tax funds. This gives Indiana, and 19 other States

which have Constitutional prohibitions against incurring indebtedness, a break. Why should the taxpayer be burdened with the cost of these roads when private capital is available for this purpose?

3. Toll roads are paid for by those who use them, and in direct proportion to the frequency of use and the size of the vehicle using them.

4. Toll roads save wear and tear on tax-supported highways by absorbing heavy "through" traffic off them.

5. Toll roads eliminate traffic bottlenecks. By the end of 1956 motorists will be able to cruise between the two largest cities in the United States, Chicago and New York, via toll road without encountering a single stop light, steep hill, sharp curve, railroad crossing, or grade-level intersection.

6. Most important, toll financing provides better roads now when they are needed, instead of on some indefinite date in the future. To illustrate, surveys were started in the 1930s in Indiana for a superroad known as the Tri-State Highway, a tax-financed facility with design standards on a par with toll roads. Originally it was to have carried Chicago-Detroit traffic across most of northern Indiana. Today, 26 years later, only six miles of this road have been built—and at a cost of over 9 million dollars. This is not a reflection on public roads authorities, but it emphasizes that a tax structure simply cannot accommodate such a huge project in a short time. In contrast, Indiana is building 157 miles of the same type of road, through toll financing, in two years' time!



# We Believe Motorists Now Favor A 15-Year, Pay-As-You-Build Program

By **ANDREW SORDONI**

*President of the American Automobile Association and Member of its Executive Board Since 1942. Rotarian, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.*



**T**HE United States urgently needs better highways—there's no argument about that. Congestion, deaths, injuries, and economic loss resulting from inadequate traffic arteries have underscored the need beyond debate.

But better highways cost money, and controversy over financing last year wrecked all the plans devised for carrying out President Eisenhower's plea for a greatly expanded Federal-aid highway program.

In view of this situation, the American Automobile Association, with the assistance of its highway advisors, Transportation Consultants, Inc., made a restudy of the entire problem and developed an entirely new and different approach to an enlarged Federal-aid highway program.

This AAA Motorists' Program for Better Highways is designed to carry forward the best interests of the national economy, the national defense, and the nation's car owners and drivers. It could serve as a rallying point around which conflicting interests can compose their differences and

thus remove a major roadblock in the path of Congressional action.

Following are major features of the AAA plan:

1. Greatly enlarged Federal-aid highway program, with acceleration both for the National System of Interstate Highways and other Federal-aid systems—Primary, Secondary, and Urban.

2. A 15-year, three-phase, pay-as-you-build program, financed by moderate, graduated increases in certain Federal automotive taxes.

3. Proposed taxes to be shared by all highway users, with heavy trucks bearing more nearly their equitable share of the burden.

4. Full review by Congress of the over-all 15-year program at the close of each five-year segment.

5. For the first five years, appropriation of \$8,875,000,000, of which 5 billion dollars would be for the Interstate System and \$3,875,000,000 for expenditure on Federal-aid Primary, Secondary, and Urban Systems.

6. A reasonable approach to a more equitable tax structure to finance the program. The AAA suggests the following increases in

rates: gasoline,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent per gallon; Diesel fuel, 2 cents per gallon; lubricating oil, 1 cent per gallon; tires, tubes, and retread material when tires are less than 45 pounds, 1 cent per pound; and tires, tubes, and retread material when tires are 45 pounds and over, 5 cents per pound. During the first five years, the new rates would produce revenue estimated at \$9,370,000,000, provided there are no drains on the highway fund resulting from exemption, reimbursements, or the like.

7. Federal Government to pay 90 percent of the cost of the Interstate System; present 50-50 matching to continue for other Federal-aid systems.

The AAA program says, in effect: "We motorists want better highways now, but we want more equity in user tax rates. We are willing to pay our fair share for these highways. We ask that others pay their fair share, too."

We believe this to be a practical program based on equity; we believe its adoption would benefit the nation and its car owners.

However, the fate of the highway program rests in the hands of the motorists themselves. Each vehicle owner must decide how badly he wants a program of expanded and modernized highway construction with adequate safeguards for drivers and passengers. He must decide whether or not he is willing to bear his fair share of the cost.

If he is, there are avenues open to each citizen which will allow him to have a voice in bringing about the greatest highway-building era in the nation's history, and in ending the traffic muddle with its tragic record of deaths, injuries, and economic loss.

## It's Universal!

Germany, too, has a traffic jam—with 12 wheeled vehicles per square kilometer, as compared with six per square kilometer in the U.S.A.

The Netherlands celebrated the 75th birthday of former Queen Wilhelmina last year with a road safety campaign. The Queen, who occupied the Dutch throne for 50 years, had previously interrupted her retirement to warn her people to "come to your senses," observing that traffic deaths were averaging four a day.

Egypt began last year a 10-year, 250-million-dollar highway program, including a four-lane, divided, limited

access Expressway from Cairo to Alexandria. Several of the new highways are being modelled after the California, U.S.A., freeways which are believed to be the safest highways in the world. The freeway fatality rate was 1.92 in 1954 for every 100 million vehicle-miles.

A rising number of vehicles in Asia has placed new emphasis on road building. The Nagpur Plan of India involved construction of 100,000 miles of new highways and improvement of 245,000 miles of roads. Motor vehicles in Japan have jumped from 156,000 in 1946 to 1,300,000 in 1955; more than 30 toll highways are completed or under way.

# That'll Teach Him!



Illustrations by  
Larry Klein

*A heart-rending story of ruthless,  
no-tricks-barred psychological  
warfare between two neighborly males.*

By PARKE CUMMINGS

I CONFIDENTIALLY expect to have no more trouble with Henderson, who is a typical example of the amateur salesman. An amateur salesman is—well, let me illustrate.

He came over here recently—to borrow some tools from me—and

lingered around to pass the time of day with my family. Before I knew it he was conversing with our daughter, Patsy.

"I suppose you'll be going to the circus next week," he remarked.

"Gee!" she exclaimed excitedly, "I didn't know it was coming yet."

Henderson nodded. "Oh, yes," he said, "and I understand it's going to be bigger and better than ever. Get your dad to take you—and tell him to get the best seats. They cost a little more, but you see so much better that it's worth the extra difference."

Patsy turned to me. "How about it, Dad?" she begged. "Can we go?"

"Well," I said, conjuring up a mental picture of my most recent bank-balance statement, "we'll see." I believe, of course, that a child is entitled to see a circus now and then, but I reflected that she had seen it the last three years in a row, and that I had also taken her to several ice shows, and miscellaneous fairs, carnivals, sports events, and movies over the past few years. I hardly felt that my daughter had been underprivileged in that respect.

My thoughts, however, were interrupted by further comments from Henderson, who was again addressing himself to Patsy. "What sports do you like?" he inquired.

"Swimming," she replied, "and skating and basketball and—"

"You ought to take up horse-back riding," he broke in. "Now there's a *fine* sport for a girl. Keeps you outdoors, shakes up your liver, you meet nice people, and—"

"But we don't have a horse," said Patsy.

"Have your dad buy one," he generously suggested.

I saw fit to interpose an objection. "Where would we keep the horse?" I demanded.

"That's simple," he replied (everything is simple for Henderson's type). "Build a stable for him. It wouldn't have to be fancy. Probably wouldn't cost you more than—"

"Can we, Dad?" asked Patsy. "Boy, would I love to have a horse! Maybe I'd learn to ride well

enough to go in a horse show and —"

"I'll think about it," I said.

Then I noted that Henderson started earnestly endeavoring to spend chunks of my hard-earned dough on our son and heir, John. "Do you ever sail?" he was inquiring.

"I've been a couple of times," said John. "Freddy Harper has a dinghy, and—"

"Don't bother with a dinghy," said Henderson disparagingly. "Get your father to buy you a real good boat—a 25-footer at the minimum. Then, as you improve, you can work up to something better."

Henderson then proceeded to suggest my buying a season pass for all home games of John's favorite ball team—"You get better seats that way." Then, delving into our offspring's musical ambitions, he professed horror to learn that John liked to strum on a plebeian instrument like the ukelele. "You should take up the violin," he declared.

"Should I buy him a Stradivarius?" I asked Henderson.

This, of course, was intended sarcastically, but it passed several light years over his head—as it always does with fellows of Henderson's mentality. "That wouldn't be absolutely necessary," he told me solemnly, "—although it would be

very nice if you could swing it."

Before I could retort that I'd be lucky if I could swing our next milk bill, Henderson, the blighter, had departed. And instantly my two children were at me like tigers with passionate demands for all the luxuries that Henderson had put into their heads. It wasn't that he stood to profit financially by getting me to bleed myself white—he wasn't connected with any of the enterprises under discussion. It was just that Henderson simply loved to spend other people's money, which is why I have dubbed him an amateur salesman, may the breed strangle!

I got out of the episode pretty cheaply, all things considered. By making some astute compromises, all I had to get Patsy was a new English bike and a portable radio, while John settled for a tennis racket, two pairs of slacks, and a paltry two dozen long-playing records.

But I said in the beginning that I expect to have no more trouble with Henderson. He picked on me through my children, but, when we went over there the other night, I fought back at him through an adult—his wife. We hadn't been there five minutes before I went to work on her. "This is a charming place," I told her, "but I'd think you'd have Bill add a playroom. You could put in a billiard table, install an extra television set, rig up a *really* good hi-fi system—"

I saw Henderson wincing, but I kept right at it. "How long since you've been away?" I asked her. "Seems to me you ought to get Bill to take you on a tropical cruise. Nothing too fancy. Just a couple of months." By the time I had finished with a long list of equally expensive suggestions—furs, a new car, a swimming pool—Henderson had turned a sickly green, with beads of perspiration on his face.

Finally we made our adieus, my wife and I closed the front door behind us, and then I lingered and listened. "Now, Bill," I heard his wife say excitedly, "it seems to me we can certainly afford—"

Well, revenge may be an ignoble thing, but I didn't feel in the least ignoble. In fact, I slept like a baby that night.

#### Minute Editorial

### When Words Fail...

By WILL HAYES

Educator,  
Rotarian, Goleta, Calif.

NOT every man who joins a Rotary Club does so with the thought of service foremost. Some join because they believe it will help their business or their prestige in the community. Yet whatever the initial motives, I have seen something—call it the spirit of Rotary if you wish—which makes me know that the thought of what Rotary can do for an individual is soon subordinated to thoughts of what he can do for others through Rotary.

I know, for example, a doctor in our Club who refuses to accept payment for services rendered to the wife of any veteran killed in service. I know of a member, far from wealthy, whose tithes to his church are an integral part of his belief in God and man. I know a rancher who anonymously pays for any treatment given to crippled children by community agencies. I know of countless worthy causes supported by members of Rotary Clubs who quietly give of themselves and their resources, and seek neither recognition nor acclaim. Multiply these deeds and their underlying philosophy, add to them the services, known and unknown, which Rotarians contribute to their communities, their churches, their schools, and to those less fortunate than they, and you begin to understand that there are ties much stronger than classifications which bring and keep men of goodwill together.

Some time ago I was asked to devote a page in our Club bulletin to the various community services performed by local Rotarians. It seemed an interesting project and I began gathering my material. Before long I knew I could not complete the task, for the extent of good being done by those in Rotary would have filled many issues. But more important, there were deeds done by our members known only to themselves, the luster of which publicity would only dim.

There is a spirit of kindness that you cannot fail to see when you look beneath the surface of a Rotarian. Paul Harris had it. In my two decades in Rotary I've seen it exemplified in Club after Club often enough to know that it is the common element in the universe of Rotary.

It's yours to see, too, if you believe, as I do, that each of us was placed here on earth so that the way of others might be made easier. This is my view of the Rotary ideal.



"Seems to me you ought to get Bill to take you on a tropical cruise. Nothing too fancy."

# May Friends Go with You

"I NOTE with delight that you are now making hay in a job that was difficult for you. I hope you are getting some good friends to help you. Whenever it comes to difficult enterprise, or dangerous adventure, I believe it's best to take a good friend along with you whenever you can."

I wrote those lines the other day to a son of mine who is a soldier in France, as I was 38 years ago. Why did I write them? And why do I believe them?

For the better part of 25 years I was either a roving foreign correspondent or a war correspondent for two of America's greatest newspapers. I visited some 37 countries plus a few odd colonies and protectorates, and I was shot at by more different kinds of military weapons than should be used on a civilian.

I found the correspondent's job filled with many difficult problems, requiring a good deal of study and hard labor, although the work was always easier for me than swinging a pick. The second job, which consisted principally in travelling around with soldiers in combat areas, was frequently dirty and uncomfortable and sometimes downright dangerous. There are a good many more sensible ways, I am sure, of earning a dollar, but none as successful for me.

Such success as I have had is summed up in an American Army phrase for just what I stress here. "Better buddy up, buddy," the infantry soldier will tell the raw recruit. "You'd better buddy up." That homespun wisdom of the veteran at the front applies to men—and women, too—in far plushier callings.

For my difficulties, I just had to have friends. The difficulties of a roving correspondent are many, particularly when he is working for newspapers or syndicates of wide circulation which print his

name above everything he writes. Once that column you have telegraphed from Belgrade or Shanghai is being sold to people with your name on it, you can't take it back. You'd better be pretty careful with it before you send it, if you value your reputation.

Under such difficulties I turned increasingly, year after year, to older men who presumably had greater experience than I, or to men and women of greater specialized knowledge. I tried to spend time with them, to learn from them; and if they wanted to learn from me, I was always flattered and happy to be able to give them any help from my open store of knowledge or experience. In other words, I tried to find friends and to be one.

Once, I remember, I came out of a very barren country in the Middle East, where people were killing each other, and knocked on the door of a top-flight American diplomat some ten years older than I. He was very distinguished in that part of the world. I had known him elsewhere.

I was filthy—though devoid of bugs—and terribly tired. It happened to be my birthday. This older American was giving a dinner. He did far more than invite me in. He personally laid out an extra suit of his own dinner clothes—which almost fit me—complete to black patent-leather pumps.

For dinner that night his wife had a cake baked in my honor—amidst all those notables. It was complete with candles. The day's news which I brought to that gathering, and which I had cabled to my newspaper in New York, escapes my memory completely. But I doubt if I ever will forget George Wadsworth, the Ambassador.

I went along piling up acquaintances, now forgotten or scarcely remembered, like yesterday's

sales, or yesterday's news stories. Surely, the good God hates uniformity! His creatures are so diverse but they all were friendly. They all helped me.

One instance where I had four good friends join hands with me in mutual aid was at the Ottawa Imperial Economic Conference in 1932. Great Britain and her dominions, member nations of the British Commonwealth, were negotiating a new set of preferential tariffs. The *New York Times* sent three of its ablest men from London, New York, and Washington to report that event. The *New York Herald Tribune* sent me alone—but I had my four friends.

We organized that team of four and myself to compete against the three *Times* men. It was five to three instead of three to one. The *Herald Tribune* didn't do so badly.

Newspaper work is fascinating, they say, "because you meet such interesting people." You do, indeed. I have even shaken hands with three Kings. Three Kings and one Emperor. The first was George V of England, the grandfather of the young Queen Elizabeth. It was strange the way I happened to meet him. He didn't seek me out, nor did he know I had a friend smoothing the way; I certainly wasn't looking for an introduction. All I was seeking was a story for my newspaper.

In 1928 the American Legion had a convention in Paris. A few of the Legionnaires came to London for a visit while I was stationed there. The British press announced that King George and Queen Mary would receive some 200 Legionnaires in Buckingham Palace. As a reporter, I was, of course, anxious to go along, to see the show and to write about it. Unfortunately the press was barred.

As luck would have it, one of the Legionnaires was a banker from Middletown, Connecticut,

....A Wish for Everyone from a World Newsman

By ALLEN RAYMOND



## ...by the left hand

**L**ORD Robert Baden-Powell, who founded the Boy Scouts, spent some of his early life in Africa. There he came upon a story that completely absorbed him.

It concerned two tribes which for centuries had been at each other's throats. No member of either tribe dared wander far from his own camp unarmed. Even when these peoples went into their fields on strictly agricultural pursuits they always carried their spears and shields. They never knew but what an ambush lurked in the nearby bushes.

It was, of course, a natural thing to carry spear and shield on a journey, but it was plainly a nuisance to have to lug them about when attending to the crops. Ultimately, therefore, the chiefs got together and decided that it would be better all around if the tribes would cut out their hostility and live in peace.

Both sides solemnly pledged to do so. The trouble was, though, that, after so many years of aggression, neither tribe quite trusted the other. So what happened was that, if someone ventured forth on a jaunt, or into a field, he would take his shield along—not his spear but his shield—*just in case someone on the other side attacked him.*

Well, things were certainly better than they had been. Instead of being burdened with things

in both hands—the spear in the right, the shield in the left—at least the right was now unencumbered.

But, still, the tribesmen couldn't help thinking how much better it would be if they were entirely unburdened. So, little by little, one brave soul after another on either side would go somewhere without carrying even his shield. And, beaming happily, he'd hold his free left hand aloft when he returned.

More and more of the people began to do so and, in time, it became an accustomed thing for them to go everywhere empty handed. Yet, these tribesmen never seemed to get over the wonder of it, and would still behold their naked left hands with considerable awe.

That's the story Lord Baden-Powell heard in Africa, and that is why, when he founded the Boy Scout movement dedicated to fair play and tolerance, he decided that the greeting of its members would be the clasp of the left hands, rather than of the traditional right. To Lord Baden-Powell the accustomed right-hand shake, while nice enough, symbolized a gesture of friendship. But a clasp of the left hands seemed to him to be nobler still—for it signified the willingness of men to trust each other.

By HAROLD HELFER

where I had gone to school as a boy. He and I had been to dances together. I didn't happen to be a convention delegate, but I was a charter member of the New Bedford, Massachusetts, post of the Legion, and didn't see any reason why I shouldn't go to the Palace along with the rest of the veterans. Through my friend I met a few of the convention delegates at the Savoy Hotel. We indulged in singing until about 5 o'clock in the morning—the same morning the delegates were to be at the Palace at 10.

By 5 A.M. one of the delegates, a man from the U. S. Midwest, was in no shape to go to the Palace. He was too—ah—sleepy. By unanimous consent of the gathering, I took his ticket. In that way I shook not only the hand of King George, but also that of his wife, Queen Mary.

The main point of this story of my reception at Buckingham Pal-

ace is that because of a friend, I was able to get an exclusive, eyewitness story of a day's event of great public interest, and no other reporter in London got it. I also was able to write to my father, a very pious man, back home in America: "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings."

Of all types of news reporting, war correspondence is the greatest for any professional because it presents the greatest challenge. It is the most arduous in physical strain. It is sufficiently dangerous so that 70 American civilian correspondents out of about 2,300 have lost their lives in attempting it. Personally I have reported war in combat areas with the American, British, Australian, French, Dutch, and South Korean armies, and with French maquis operating against the Nazis in France in advance of French and American regular forces. I wouldn't be alive

today if I hadn't had friends, such as Sergeant Jean Merclin, of the French Army, who once stopped me from putting my foot on a land mine.

I wouldn't have done even one-half as well as I did were it not for my fellow war correspondents, such as the late H. R. Knickerbocker, John Lardner, Homer Bigart, John O'Reilly, Keyes Beech, Tom Lambert, and Carl Mydans, with whom I travelled at various times. I always tried to travel with the best. They helped me. I certainly hope they were glad I went along.

**E**ARLY in 1942 I travelled with 3,000 fugitives from Java on a small merchant vessel built to carry about 300 persons. We zigzagged through submarine-infested waters to Perth, Australia, in that rout of civilians and military alike, southward from Singapore. That beautiful vessel on

which we were carried cut southward at 22 knots.

**I**T WAS wonderful, steaming at forced draught through seven starlit nights, blacked out against detection by the foe, knowing submarines were looking for any light to guide their torpedoes. All port holes were closed, no smoking was permitted topside, but dirty flues in the stacks above the ship's laboring boilers threw sparks that were visible for miles. Invisible? We were spouting fire like a Roman candle.

One of the great advantages of having a friend along when you are a war correspondent under fire is expressed in these words: misery loves company.

I remember one night on a hill-top north of Naples when some Nazi planes, looking for the harbor, fell short of it because of the smoke screen and began to unload their bombs in my immediate neighborhood. I was occupying the top floor of a beautiful mansion with H. R. Knickerbocker and John Lardner. There were no

air-raid shelters anywhere near, and there was a big battery of anti-aircraft guns about 200 yards from the house.

It was late that night when those guns began to boom. I was lying on an army cot reading a book, while Nick and John were playing chess—a slow game at best. All through the long cannonading neither player made a move. They studied the board. There was one bright kerosene lantern on the table between them, and one by my cot. All at once one bomb came whistling downward. It fell with a thud so close to that mansion that the whole place rocked. The flames in the kerosene lanterns flickered and almost died.

Nobody said anything for a while. Then Nick looked up at his opponent with a slow smile. "It's your move," he said.

John grinned. He has one of the nicest and rarest grins any man ever had because it denotes a real warmth of inner feeling back of a dead-pan. "Excuse me," he said, politely, "I was just thinking."

Then we all laughed. The tension was broken.

It is largely because of my travels through wars abroad, and the inspiration which the American foot soldier and my correspondent friends have given me, that I say to my son in the Army and my sons at home: "Buddy up." If you're going in for difficult enterprise or dangerous adventure, take along a friend. Treasure him and help him. Nine times out of ten he will certainly help you. Therefore don't be hurt too much about the tenth, who may double-cross you.

**I** KNOW that Rudyard Kipling penned a good line that has achieved some immortality. "He travels the fastest who travels alone." I would like to advance a corollary to that proposition. He travels farthest who travels with friends. The best of my friends healed my wounds in times of defeat and whooped with praise in times of victory.

Yes, friends have made my life rich.

## *'The Face is Familiar'*

**I**T IS familiar, isn't it—the countenance of this handsome, mature man? But you can't just quite place it? That's understandable—for you'd have to know all 65 of the business and professional men who make up the Rotary Club of Glen Burnie, Maryland, to be able to do so. This portrait is all of them.

Yes, the picture is a composite of Glen Burnie Rotarians and it is the work of Eskil M. Ohlson, a local photographer and member of the Club. Here's how he did it. Setting up his camera in the Club meeting place in "The Barn" on a Thursday evening, Eskil "shot" every man in the same head-on pose as he came in. Then, back in his darkroom, he printed all the 65 negatives on one sheet of enlarging paper, lining them up on the horizontal line of the eyes and the vertical line of the nose, and giving each a sixty-fifth of the total time required for a proper exposure. The result—well, this is it: "Mr. Rotary of Glen Burnie," and a fine chap to know, eh?



# PEEPS

## at Things to Come

BY ROGER W. TRUESDAIL, PH.D.

■ **Sweet Sugar Substitute.** Because a young chemist took the trouble to trace a sudden sweet taste in his University of Illinois laboratory back in the '30s, millions of people on diabetic and dietetic diets now can enjoy sweet-tasting foods made without sugar. The young scientist's discovery, having been tested and retested, ultimately was introduced as a commercial product in 1950. Since then it has become an integral part of many diabetic regimens—and the standby of the weight-conscious. Its chief advantage is that the sweetener can be cooked or baked into any food at any temperature without loss of sweetening power or lingering aftertaste. Within the past few months the product has been improved to enable homemakers to sweeten foods to levels never before possible—and still without aftertaste.

■ **Cordless Electric Clocks.** An electrical-appliance company executive states that cordless electric clocks will be on store shelves in the Spring of 1956. An electronic circuit with transistors to extract electrical impulses from the air will eliminate the need for a plug-in cord. He predicts that within two years this type of clock will have no moving parts and will be accurate to the split second.

■ **Proteins Protect.** Upgrading the human diet through greater use of protein foods was recently recommended by Dr. H. J. Reed, dean of the College of Agriculture of Purdue University. The three road blocks which prevent diet improvements are misconceptions concerning dietary quality of certain foods; habit, tradition, and custom; and inadequate purchasing power due either to a spendable income that is too low or to consumers choosing to spend their income on other items. Inadequate protein intake in the diet of people past middle age has been suggested as one of the reasons for ageing. A higher protein diet also greatly reduces the risk of obesity.

■ **Drawers and Windows Freed.** A needed new liquid product, which contains the basic ingredient known and used to lubricate the axles of Roman racing chariots, shrinks wood and impregnates it with a dry, nonoily lubricant. Thus, it frees stuck drawers, doors, windows, and keeps all sliding surfaces lubricated. It is used to eliminate squeaking noises in chairs, beds, tables, and in some parts of automobiles. A handy spout top on an unbreakable plastic bottle applies the liquid neatly and with no mess.

■ **Accident-Prone Cases.** Many authorities believe that some people are pre-

disposed to accidents—to falls, to mishaps with automobiles and tools, and so on. For this reason doctors believe that most accidents can be prevented. In many cases, accident-disposed people need the help of a psychiatrist. However, there are cases when medicine can actually help. A medical journal recently reported the case of a man who was always going to sleep on his bus to work and riding past his stop. In danger of losing his job, the man decided to drive his car to work. He dozed at the wheel as he had dozed on the bus, crashed into a telephone pole, and was badly injured. After recovery he consulted a physician, who could find no psychological reason for his morning drowsiness, such as an unconscious desire to avoid work. Further examination, however, showed the man was suffering from a glandular disorder. He was given the proper medication and has had no accidents since.

■ **Cortisone from Yams.** Manufacture of cortisone, the arthritis-relieving drug, may be greatly simplified in the future with the isolation of two new chemicals found in rare Mexican yam tubers, the U. S. Department of Agriculture reports. Chemists were beginning to doubt persistent rumors that such a plant existed



Squeeze the handle and this "picker-upper" lifts papers, twigs, cans, and other debris from lawns and gardens without bending, and retrieves objects from hard-to-reach places behind refrigerators, machinery, and furniture.

when two USDA plant explorers made their discovery in remote Southern Mexico after several years' search for the yam. The major source of chemicals for making cortisone now is ox bile, but the newly discovered plant chemicals are potentially much better as starting materials for its manufacture. Samples of the yams are undergoing field tests in the United States, and if they can be cultivated they may prove to be an economical source of the raw material needed for cortisone production.

**Easy Does It.** A handy new gadget, of sturdy plastic, squeegee of rubber and sponge attachment, makes possible window washing without even wetting the hands. One just fills the bottle, which serves as the handle, with water and three drops of any liquid detergent, shakes up to make suds, and then merely wipes the suds on the pane with the self-feeding sponge. Reverse the unit and whisk the window clean with the squeegee. It is claimed not to leak or drip even when held upside down and is good for windows, mirrors, autos, stores, and gasoline-service stations.

■ **Antibiotic-Burgers.** These may be added to the menu of the corner "burger stand" at an early date if the findings of Dr. A. Z. Palmer, of the University of Florida Agricultural Experimental Station, are accepted by the food regulatory officials. In experiments, he found that as little as ten parts of the antibiotic aureomycin to a million parts of hamburger kept the meat in good condition for at least ten days, while untreated samples were soured in from four to ten days. Both were kept under average home-refrigeration temperatures. The process is not commercially usable yet, he cautions, since the effects of the aureomycin on persons eating the meat have not yet been thoroughly studied. Some persons, for instance, are highly allergic to the antibiotic. However, he suggests that perhaps proper cooking of treated meat may eliminate any possible harmful effects from the aureomycin. The Federal Food and Drug Administration has permitted the first use of aureomycin in the preserving of dressed poultry.

■ **Fisherman's Lure.** Most appropriately named "The Chorus Girl," the resplendent salmon and trout fly of genuine mink tied on a gold-plated hook with a lovely pink and tinsel body will be on the market before next Spring. She is the most gorgeous fly the tired eyes of this old fisherman have ever seen. Packed in individual transparent and pink boxes, she should find a place in every fisherman's tackle box and will make an attractive gift for piscatorial friends. This fly is a new design in the fishing-lure department and is a fine working fly and, as might be expected, is best in the evening.

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Letters to Dr. Truesdail may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

# Punishment doesn't pay

I HAVE spent most of my life with prisoners and parolees. I have walked to the electric chair with 22 men. I know the big Eastern prisons of the United States almost as well as I know my own home.

I have had thousands of men and women paroled to me, have attended countless meetings of parole boards, and have watched from close range the operation of many penal systems during the years I directed the Men's Prison Bureau of the Salvation Army at our New York headquarters. I have 3,000 books on penology and criminology and have read them, and I am a member of most of the penological organizations in my country.

A conclusion that dawned on me early in my experience has now become completely fixed. It is this: *punishment neither reforms the criminal nor prevents the crime.*

Ever since history began we have been trying to make bad men into good ones by punishing them, but in all my experience I know of few criminals who have ever been reformed by imprisonment.

Prison, of course, has been used for punishment during only the last 200 years. Before that, prison was a place of detention where accused persons awaited trial and then after trial while they were waiting to be punished. In England the principal punishments were death and transportation (deportation). Cutting off a hand was a common punishment for stealing.

The Pennsylvania Quakers, recognizing a duty to the criminal, first urged that some effort be made to reform him, and one of the schemes advanced was solitary confinement. New York State's great prison in Auburn was built to enforce this plan. But solitary confinement, as applied at Auburn and as copied in England

and other countries, produced not reformation but suicides, insanity, and a general breakdown of the prisoners' health.

Then the silent system was introduced, first at Auburn and later at Sing Sing. It also was copied abroad. A period of great brutality followed, during which prisoners suffered horrible torture and persecution. This led to the prison-reform movements around the turn-of-the century.

Today the emphasis is on rehabilitating the criminal, but trade schools, libraries, and academic courses, and all the other useful improvements in prisons have not removed the element of punishment. Prison is still a place of confinement, where criminals are kept for varying periods of time, separated from their families and forced to live under oppressive and character-destroying conditions. It does not reform them, and it often teaches them the finer points of crime.

Nor is punishment a deterrent. No criminal thinks of punishment when he is about to commit a crime; he never expects to be caught.

The theory that capital punishment prevents murder is fallacious, too. I've known scores of murderers; I've had them on parole to me, even entertained a few of them in my house. Most of these men told me the question of punishment never even occurred to them until after they had committed their crimes. They were swept along on a tide of wrong thinking and events beyond their control.

As I have already noted, I've walked to the electric chair with 22 of the men we call condemned. On my way home from executions I used to buy an early morning newspaper. There was always news of a fresh murder splashed on its front page, just as if some law were operating to prove the

futility of the legalized killing I had witnessed.

Punishment has not reduced crime. A million and three-quarters serious crimes are committed in the United States in the course of a year, and the number is increasing.

Federal and State prisons and penitentiaries are being added to rather than decreased. They have a population of about 150,000 in addition to the hundreds of thousands in city prisons and county jails.

Nearly all these prisoners are let out some time. It is assumed that they are reformed—though, contradictorily, most of us remain suspicious of them. We do not really believe in their supposed reformation. It is true that great numbers of former prisoners never commit another crime. But these are the accidental offenders, the men and women who would be just as well behaved if they had not been sent to prison. They never were criminals, though some of them are transformed into criminals by the atmosphere of prison.

**B**UT it is the real criminals, the very men whom punishment is supposed to reform, who are left unchanged by it. Or who are made worse.

Why? Because crime is a philosophy, a state of mind, a belief in which the criminal sees bad as good and good as bad. It is a way of thinking. Punishment, the torture of the body or mind, has never changed men's thinking. It is more likely to intensify it. The victims become obsessed with the purpose to prove that they were right all the time.

How, then, is a criminal's evil thinking to be changed—since, obviously, it must be changed if he is to be reformed? By example, by reason, by argument, by instruction. The individual's way of



*It neither prevents nor reforms,  
finds an authority who spent his life  
rehabilitating criminals.*



By J. STANLEY SHEPPARD\*

*As told to John Gainfort*

thinking must be converted from bad to good.

I had a young man paroled to me once—call him Bill Simmons—who joined a gang of burglars a few weeks after he came out of prison. When I discovered where they were hiding their loot, Bill put a gun on me. I took the gun away from him and sent him out to one of our Salvation Army homes for a few weeks until I broke up the rest of the gang. Then I got him a job and a place to live. He finished his parole and disappeared.

Twenty years later that man came back to see me. He was happily married, had a good job, a nice home, and three fine children. "What you did for me changed my whole life," he said. "I couldn't stop thinking about it. There I was ready to kill you and you helped me instead of sending me back to prison."

"It would have done no good

to send you back, Bill," I said. "You'd just been in prison and it didn't cure you."

"No," he said, "but your example did. I never forgot it."

Such dramatic opportunities happen only occasionally, however, and there have to be more routine methods. An engraver whom I'll call Bart Hanson got drawn into a counterfeiting gang. He was caught, and after he got out of prison he told me his old pals were trying to get him back in the business with them. Bart never had liked counterfeiting and he didn't want to go back; he was a typical accidental criminal, well meaning but weak enough in character to be influenced by the wrong people. He would have been all right if he had been let alone.

\* Just before presstime we learned of the death several months ago of J. Stanley Sheppard. Despite this we have chosen to present his article, deeming it as provocative now as when we accepted it a long while ago.—Ems.

I persuaded Bart to bring his former partner to see me. I talked with both of them many times and eventually I was able to show them, to make them understand, what a vicious crime counterfeiting really is; how it not only undermines a nation's currency, but injures a lot of innocent people. When they saw this—then they actually accepted this right point of view in place of the wrong one they had been holding to—they were cured. They agreed to give up counterfeiting.

The two of them sold the engraving machinery they owned. Both had once been bakers and they thought they could make a success of a small bakery if they could manage to buy one. I happened to hear of a bakery that was on the market, but they hadn't enough money. I arranged a loan for them and set them up in business, and they ran that bakery for many [Continued on page 56]

# Speaking of BOOKS

*The colors of regional literature paint the picture of a nation in these selections.*

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

THE life of a nation is like a great tree with a million leaves; or like a great field of corn with a million plants, each in some small ways different from every other yet each a part of the living whole. The literature of a nation is a reflection and expression of that various life: the stories and poems, the biographies and histories, and books of travel and description, each portraying a part of the organic whole, each illuminating its own small part or large area and in its turn illuminated by all the others.

Here on our shelf this month are a dozen books about the United States; each different from the others in its subject matter, in the background and interests and point of view of the writer; each offering its contribution to our knowledge and appreciation and understanding of the nation's life.

My first choice in this group is *Papa Married a Mormon*, by John D. Fitzgerald. Ordinarily I don't "go for" books of family history. Too often they seem to me lacking in taste—in their exploitation of what might better remain private matters. Too often they have no real theme or substance, offering instead only a frothy sirup of shallow entertainment. The two themes which make this book different and better, which give it positive value, are suggested in the title: it is a book which realizes warmly and truly the deep values of a rich family life; and it is a book about true Christianity, expressed in sympathetic understanding between believers in different religious faiths.

It is also a book of authentic social

history, of one of the most colorful times and regions in the whole story of the United States. Tom Fitzgerald, the "Papa" of the book, came to southern Utah in 1884, on a mission to find his "lost brother" Will. He found Will prosperously established as gambler and saloonkeeper in the roaring mining town of Silverlode. Tom remained to buy and edit the *Silverlode Advocate*. He dedicated the paper to honesty and impartiality in the bitter dissension between Mormons and Gentiles. Himself a devout Catholic, he won the respect and support of the Mormon leaders. Shortly he met the girl who became "mama," the daughter of a prominent Mormon storekeeper in the neighboring thriving town of Enoch. The story of their difficult courtship and dramatic elopement, of her initial ostracism and later gradual acceptance by members of her faith, and of the coming and development of the children, is interwoven with brilliantly narrated episodes of the often violent and always exciting life of Silverlode.

This book is rich in the highest human values. They are most memorably summed up in Mormon Bishop Aden's tribute to Catholic Tom Fitzgerald at the time of the editor's death:

He was a good father to his children and a devoted husband to his wife. He was every man's friend. He walked with God by his side every day of his life. There is not one amongst us who is not indebted to this good man in one way or another. His charity to men never robbed them of their

dignity. This man did more to enable us of different faiths to live in harmony, tolerance, and brotherly love than any other man I have ever known.

It is good to know the man who lived a life like that—and the wife who made it possible, and all the other varied human persons who attain such warm reality in these pages. I am grateful to John D. Fitzgerald. He has written a really good book.

Early days in another region—the Olympic Peninsula of Washington—are part of the texture of *The Last Wilderness*, by Murray Morgan. Here we have social history blended with brilliant description of one of the most interesting regions of the United States. The writing is sound; the stories of places and people are admirably blended in a lively narrative.

As the *Indians Left It*, by naturalist and author Robert Sparks Walker, a frequent contributor to this Magazine,\* combines family history with a descriptive account of the Elise Chapin Wild Life Sanctuary at Chattanooga, Tennessee. The history of the sanctuary is primarily of interest to local readers and visitors, but the unpretentiously narrated family experience is authentic Americana of wide appeal.

"When the first U. S. flag was unfurled," W. Storrs Lee tells us in *The Green Mountains of Vermont*, "Vermont was not represented in the circle of 13 stars. Hers was the 14th. But somehow Vermont has managed to perpetuate more of the character of the nation established in 1789 than any of the original 13 States or the 34 that followed." This claim is adequately supported. Excellent writing and consistently lively and stimulating substance make this one of the very best of the many books about American regions. Its quality is well suggested by a comment on the old-time district schools of Vermont, a comment with overtones of meaning for all of us who are interested in problems of public education today:

Despite the physical deficiencies . . . the district school was amazing.

\* For Mr. Walker's most recent article in THE ROTARIAN, see *Ordered to Bed*, November, 1955.



Mama, Papa, and the "daring scoundrel," Uncle Will, from John Fitzgerald's book *Papa Married a Mormon*, which the reviewer terms "a book that realizes warmly and truly" the values of a family life.

ingly successful. It made no attempt to simplify the learning of mankind and compress it into attractive chapters; it made no attempt to avoid the severities . . . Discipline was everything. On the farm a boy learned one kind of discipline, to think and do things; he was put hard against realities, against nature and the facts; he was thrown back upon himself, educated in initiative and independence. In school he was confronted with a different kind of discipline, the competition in ideas of greater minds than his or his father's. The problems were much tougher to cope with than farm lessons in animal husbandry or garden culture. Nobody made them easy for him.

W. Storrs Lee thinks that the district school had much to do with the astonishing number of men of distinction Vermont has given to the nation; I suspect he is right.

Some of Mr. Lee's Vermonters appear also in the pages of *Tinkers and Genius*, by Edmund Fuller: Captain Samuel Morey, for example, who operated a successful steamboat on the Connecticut River as early as 1793. Morey made the mistake of demonstrating his invention to Robert Livingston, New York promoter, who was—significantly—Robert Fulton's backer in his triumphant voyage 14 years later.

*Tinkers and Genius* is the latest volume in the American Procession Series of studies in social history, in which Josephine Herbst's *New Green World* and Mari Sandoz' *The Buffalo Hunters* have set a very high standard indeed. In this particular "procession," made up of the men who contributed most significantly to the early development of American industry (nearly all New Englanders), the great figures of Franklin, Whitney, and Colt are surrounded by scores of less-known men, each of whom had a hand in the transformation of hand and home crafts to the factory system. Mr. Fuller has done a fine job in rescuing many of these from obscurity, and in arranging the whole history of the "Yankee inventors" into a readable and markedly rewarding narrative.

*Ghosts in American Houses*, by James Reynolds, assembles Americana of a particular kind from all parts of the United States and from colonial times to recent decades. The many fine and emotionally convincing illustrations by the author—painter as well as writer—add much to the effectiveness and appeal of these well-told tales of tradition—and, in some cases, of personal experience.

*The American Cowboy*, by Joe B. Frantz and Julian Ernest Choate, Jr., has been denounced by one reviewer as an attempt to "debunk" the cowboy—to rob this traditional American figure of the quality of romance. This is not quite



A Sanborn illustration for *The Green Mountains of Vermont*, by W. Storrs Lee.

true. The authors have presented in a well-organized and distinctly readable volume the truth about their subject—and there is abundant vital color in the truth. When their findings do clash with movie-and-television distortions of the facts, more power to them.

The infinite variety of a nation's life is strikingly illustrated in *Chicago, with Love*, by Arthur Meeker. There have been and are many Chicagos. Arthur Meeker has known only one of them—the Chicago of wealth and social eminence, with its fringe of relationships to the arts. That Chicago he writes of delightfully, with precise and sensitive perception, with wit, with consistent charm of style. Only the competence of a highly skilled writer and the authority of thorough knowledge could have given us so rich and rewarding a study of one sector of the American story.

When my wife and I spent a never-to-be-forgotten week in New Orleans some years ago, we were especially impressed by the fine quality of the illustrated magazine *Dixie* of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. From the pages of that magazine come most of the *Tales of the Mississippi*, by Ray Samuel, Leonard V. Huber, and Warren C. Ogden, published with a rich abundance of highly interesting pictures. Here are the traditional elements that make up the lore of the Father of Waters—the steamboats and their pilots, the gamblers and the showboats, floods and snags and explosions, the Civil War on the river: all retold in fresh and lively fashion, with good editorial judgment and good taste, most notably supplemented by the wealth of pertinent illustrations. This book makes attractive for very wide reading one of the most engrossing areas of the immensely varied history of U. S. national life.

Another book notable for its pictures as well as for highly readable text is *Buffalo Bill and the Wild West*, by Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright. The half-legendary conception of white men and Indians on the American frontier, which James Fenimore Cooper established in the mind of the world more than a century ago, was immensely

reinforced and revitalized by the career of Buffalo Bill, both in the United States and across the Atlantic. Sell and Weybright have given that career scholarly study, but have reported their findings in a biography that is consistent in active interest: certainly the story of Buffalo Bill needed no fictionizing to make it an exciting story. The character that emerges is knowably and likably human, and above all American.

To find, after the many years in which I have been actively interested in American social history, an area of that history about which I knew almost literally nothing at all, is at once a humbling and an engrossing experience. To find that material treated admirably—with the firm organization, the telling concrete detail, and the adequate perspective that make for the best of writing of this kind—is a very real pleasure. Such has been my experience in reading *Whoop-Up Country: The Canadian-American West, 1865-1885*, by Paul F. Sharp. In the years following the Civil War, supplies needed by the settlers and miners pouring into the Canadian West were transported from Fort Benton, near the head of navigation on the Missouri River, over a route for which "the whoop-up trail" was the only appropriate name. Later Sitting Bull led his still-truculent Sioux across the border; his power was broken only when an officer of the infant Northwest Mounted Police threw the arrogant chief bodily out of his office, and kicked him for good measure, in the presence of hundreds of his warriors. *Whoop-Up Country* is a fine book in a fresh field. It gains my heartiest recommendation.

*Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:*  
*Papa Married a Mormon*, John D. Fitzgerald (Prentice-Hall, \$3.95).—*The Last Wilderness*, Murray Morgan (Viking, \$3.95).—*As the Indians Left It*, Robert Sparks Walker (Hudson Printing Co., 1460 Chestnut St., Chattanooga, Tenn.).—*The Green Mountains of Vermont*, W. Storrs Lee (Holt, \$5).—*Tinkers and Genius*, Edmund Fuller (Hastings House, \$4.50).—*Ghosts in American Houses*, James Reynolds (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$12.50).—*The American Cowboy*, Joe B. Frantz and Julian Ernest Choate, Jr. (University of Oklahoma Press, \$3.75).—*Chicago, with Love*, Arthur Meeker (Knopf, \$4.75).—*Tales of the Mississippi*, Ray Samuel, Leonard V. Huber, and Warren C. Ogden (Hastings House, \$7.50).—*Buffalo Bill and the Wild West*, Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright (Oxford, \$6.95).—*Whoop-Up Country*, Paul F. Sharp (University of Minnesota Press, \$5).



*Janesville's city manager, Rotarian Warren Hyde, uses a photographic map to locate a main highway for David Hay, of Aberdeen, Scotland.*

**M**OST Rotarians, the world around, have set their feet on the solid ground of person-to-person fellowship, but many of them are searching diligently for a place to put their hands in the long pull toward world-wide understanding and peace.

Many Clubs have found a place by lending their support and assistance in the interchange of students from one country to another. The Rotary Foundation Fellowships, and similar programs, have placed the emphasis upon tomorrow's leaders. But many Clubs have found a valuable by-product of this exchange of students. Let's take Janesville, Wisconsin, as an example.

It began in 1953, when 13 student guests from other lands were invited to spend Saturday through Monday in the homes of Janesville Rotarians. They came from the University of Wisconsin and from Beloit College, whose administrators excused them from one day of classes so that they could visit the industries, schools, farms, and institutions in the community. Representatives of other civic groups met with the Rotarians to honor the visitors at an "International Night" banquet which climaxed a round of tours, entertainment, and "open houses."

When the last Rotarian was relaxing before his fireside late Monday evening, after having driven the guests back to their schools, the appraisal was an echo up and down the streets: "It was wonderful. We learned more than the students did. . . . We must do it again."

Last year they reached out to take in another institution, near-by Milton College, and the number of student guests was increased to 20. The sched-

***Rotary hospitality cheers students the world over—just as here in Wisconsin.***



*Heading for the farewell banquet, these nine students of six nations admire flag-lined "Path of Nations" at Parker Pen Company.*



# 'Home' for a Week-end



Photos: Rex

"Well done"—these three agreed, as they sneak a "preview" of the roast beef. Pleased expressions belong to the faces of Past District Governor Clayton Stockwell (left); Herve de Kerhor, of Bordeaux, France; and their host, Val Weber.

ule was changed a little, but not much. They came on Saturday, visited on Saturday night, went to the churches of their choice on Sunday morning—as before; but on Sunday afternoon three Rotarian families held "open house" with about one-third of the students apportioned to each home. All the Rotarians "made the rounds" and thereby became better acquainted with each student.

Monday was a full day, climaxed by another "International Night" banquet held in the dining room at Arrow Park, the new plant of the Parker Pen Company. As they made their way to the

dining hall, the visitors were visibly impressed by the "Path of Nations"—a sidewalk into which stones from 90 nations have been set. Flags of all the nations represented by the students lined the walk.

At the banquet, each host introduced his guest, and the remarks fell into these patterns:

"We thought we were going to entertain the students, but they have entertained us the whole weekend."

"They have given us a wonderful picture of their homes and their country."

"We have been the students—not they."

And so it went. No wonder these Rotarians immediately began to prepare for the next year's project.

Results? Who can measure them now? Their value cannot be measured by the number and size of the headlines they get. But we do know that a little of the warm heart of Janesville, Wisconsin, has been transplanted to Norway, Sweden, Finland, Mexico, Canada, Japan, Venezuela, India, France, Scotland, Ireland, Formosa, Korea, Denmark, England, Colombia, Argentina, Hawaii, China, Jamaica, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Austria, and The Philippines.

Janesville's project—and hundreds of others like it around the world—could be a portent of the gathering of the invincible forces of understanding and peace.

—By HARVEY C. JACOBS



Two visiting students from Mexico City, William Boyes (left) and Carlos Reyes (right), are welcomed by Rotarians Walter Bening and James Tait.

# Rotary REPORTER

News and photos from  
Rotary's 8 928 Clubs  
in 95 countries and regions

**Korumburra Trees Honor Pioneers** In southeastern Australia, in an area formerly dense with forests of many different kinds of trees, there is a tree-planting project underway in the community of KORUMBURRA. Sponsored by the Rotary Club there, the planting will be done along a main thoroughfare, and the trees will be dedicated to the "Pioneers of All Nations." Being so honored are men and women of many lands who opened new vistas in such fields as exploration, surgery, engineering, social welfare, and other activities whose achievements benefit humanity. Each tree will represent a country included in the Rotary family



These mustachioed gents form the Suffolk, Va., Rotary Club's quartet shown competing in a singing contest with Lions and Kiwanis singers. Their song apparently has something to do with supporting a lamppost. Annually the three organizations get together in Suffolk for a joint meeting, this being the eighth gathering to be held.

of nations, and at the time of a tree's dedication, a representative of the nation concerned—a consul general, high commissioner, or other official—will be asked to take part in the ceremonies. Flags of each country will be raised by schoolchildren as part of the proceedings, following which a march will be made past all the trees. Most of the species to be planted along this "avenue of trees" grow in Australia, thus making it unnecessary for the KORUMBURRA Club to bring into its country the variety needed. Early plans called for the planting to begin along about March.

**'A Bright Lamp Is Lit Here'** Near Britain's North Sea coast is NORWICH, a centuries-old city of some 125,000 people, beautiful churches, and many industries, including foundries and engineering works, ironware plants, and boot and shoe factories. To this bustling community there came, not long ago, 15 Germans from

DETMOLD, a bright, eager group of young men and women whose ages ranged from 16 to 23. As guests of the Rotary Club of NORWICH for two weeks, these visitors, chosen for the trip by the Rotary Club of BIELEFELD, GERMANY, lived in Rotarian homes during their stay, changing their quarters after the first week to become guests of different members. The daily schedule for this venture in international friendship was carefully planned so that hosts and guests would have many opportunities to become better acquainted. There were teas and tours, a reception by the Lord Mayor, and attendance at Rotary meetings, in addition to other informal gatherings where lively discussions forged many a close friendly tie. In welcoming Norwich Rotary's guests, Club President T. G. Scott said, "I think it is a bright lamp that is lit by your coming and the friendships that may be. Let us together keep this one burning brightly and help to light many others. When you go back, take all the stored-up happy memories and cherish them. Take our greetings to your fathers and mothers, your relatives and friends."

**They Look Pretty, Sing Pretty, Too** Well known among Rotary Clubs in the U. S. Midwest—and outside it—are the "Novettes," a singing group of ten high-school girls sponsored



Pancake flippers extraordinary are these Bismarck, No. Dak., Rotarians doing their flipping at a "feed" for some 400 4-H Club members and their leaders. It's an annual Rotary affair in Bismarck aimed at promoting closer rural-urban ties throughout the region.

More Rotary cooks—and good ones, too—are these Selma, Calif., Rotarians serving a barbecued dinner for 1,000 celebrants of the city's 75th anniversary. General chairman of the Diamond Jubilee celebration was Rotarian John E. Shepard. The event included a parade and window displays.

by the Rotary Club of BALD KNOB, ARK. One of their recent Rotary appearances was in St. Louis, Mo., where they were called "the prettiest group of young ladies ever to grace a meeting." That they were pretty there was no doubt, and if doubt existed as to their singing ability, they soon dispelled that. After several numbers, including *Shoo Fly Pie* and *Wish I Was*, they sat down, but not for long. The applause brought them back for an encore, an experience they enjoy wherever they go.

**Students Get a 'Texas Welcome'** Texas visitors expect—and get—a welcome in the Western style, a warm, friendly greeting coupled with outdoor entertainment at rodeos, ranch-type suppers, and rides around the wide open spaces. Texas Rotary Clubs uphold this Lone Star State tradition well, a fact recently demonstrated by the Rotary Club of TAYLOR when 32 overseas students from Central and South America visited there. They were on their way to colleges throughout the United States, but stopped at TAYLOR for a day as guests of the Rotary Club. In this town of oil refineries, cotton mills, meat packing plants, and other industries, the students were taken on a tour of the community, one of their stops being at the farm and cotton plant of Rotarian Julius Wittliff, where they weighed bales of cotton and watched it go through the gin. Later, they enjoyed a ranch-style supper at the home of Rotarian I. A. Shepherd, and then watched the sixth annual TAYLOR rodeo, reported to be "the wildest in Texas." So taken were the students with the Western spirit that two of them scaled the arena fence at the rodeo to join some bull-fighting clowns in the ring.

**Help A-plenty for Youth Camp** Near Blue Bend Park, on the Greenbrier River in West Virginia is a youth camp that has the untiring support of Rotarians in the region. The man who started it all was H. B. Moore, a late member of the LEWISBURG, W. Va., Rotary Club. When the camp's first unit was recently opened—a T-shaped building finished in knotty



pine—Rotarians from LEWISBURG and near-by ALDERSON were present. During the ceremonies many leather kits were presented to the camp, a gift from a not-so-near Rotary Club, that of FORT WORTH, TEX. The Texas tie was established by French W. Thompson, a former Texan who headed Greenbrier College for Women for 25 years.

#### Kurnool Is Busy, Will Be Busier

A two-year-old Club with a busy schedule of service activities is that of KURNOOL, INDIA. A 38-man group, it began its work in Community Service by distributing clothing to 200 poor persons and giving 35 new blankets to local hospitals. Also among its early community projects was the "adoption" of a near-by village called RoJA. For it the Club organized a medical program that provides a free clinic to the villagers twice a week, with Rotarian doctors supervising the work. About 70 patients are taken care of during a day, and at the time this project was reported more than 1,000 had been treated. "The people of RoJA," says B. Ch. Narayana Murthy, former Club Secretary, "are responding wonderfully to the work we are doing there, and all of us find satisfaction in the appreciation these people show in their faces."

#### Cooma Keeps the Wires Hot

On a Saturday night in the Australian town of COOMA, not long ago, the telephones "never stopped ringing" at radio station 2XL. The reason: the COOMA Rotary Club was holding a radio auction to raise funds for the United Nations Appeal for Children—and bidders kept the phones jangling for three hours. The first auction by kilocycle ever held there, it originated with Rotarian Maurice G. Hook, head of the local UNAC committee, who suggested it to Laurence Price, COOMA Rotary President. Work got under way when Club members canvassed local business houses for donations of goods, new or used, to be auctioned. Before the bidding began all merchandise was displayed in a motorcar show room (see photo), and each item was given a lot number for identification. As calls came in, Rotarians were on hand to record successive bids for telephone operators and the station announcer. Along toward midnight, after nearly 900 calls had been tallied, Rotarians sat down to add up the evening's proceeds. The result: £1,103 for the U. N. Appeal for Children.

#### Make-ups Noted by the Camera

"Making up" missed meetings in Rotary is "standard" with Rotarians everywhere, but there's nothing standard in the way that Clubs record make-ups for visitors' home Clubs. Most send a postcard notice, others do it differently. The Rotary Club of LAS VEGAS, NEV., for example, does it photographically. All visiting Rotarians are asked to assemble on a stage in the meeting room for a group picture taken by the Club's photographer. The photo is then reduced to postcard size, and



Photo U. S. Army

Entering an atomic shelter at Camp Drum, N. Y., are members of the Rotary Club of Philadelphia, N. Y., their visit there creating cooperative ties between civilian and military segments of the area. They also visited hospital facilities set up in the field. In center is Dunlop P. Penhallow, President of the Rotary Club.



Being unwrapped here as a door prize is—yes, that's right—a door! It's taking place at a five-Club meeting in Kannapolis, N. C., and the winner is E. A. Resch, (holding door at right), a Past District Governor. Announcing the winner before the microphone is Carlyle Rutledge, of Kannapolis, also a Past District Governor. Other participating Clubs were Albemarle, China Grove, Concord, and Salisbury.



Standing before some of the 80 items auctioned by radio in Cooma, Australia, are Rotarians and others who helped put the project across (see item). Held to raise funds for the United Nations Appeal for Children, the auction netted £1,103. Rotarian Maurice Hook (center) served as local chairman of the U. N. drive and organized the radio auction. Laurence Price (third right) is President of the Cooma Club.





*Moments before taking off for Ottawa, Ont., Canada, these Rotarians of Owego, N. Y., pause to let the cameraman record their departure. Two Ithaca, N. Y., Rotarians also made the trip. (See item on this page for news about other recent Rotary flights.)*

mailed to each visitor's home Club. "What better proof of a LAS VEGAS visit," says John Beville, the Club's Magazine Committee Chairman, "than the beaming countenance of the visitor? Since the picture is taken well toward the middle of the meeting, no 'scooters' or hit-and-run visits are possible. No picture, no make-up."

#### Flying High to Fellowship

The airplane has brought many changes to 20th Century living—and to thinking as well. A Rotary example can be used to show how men think differently as flight becomes more common. It wasn't long ago that Rotarians travelled only to near-by Clubs for intercity meetings. Today they travel hundreds of miles to enjoy the fellowship of Rotarians in other cities. Not long ago, the Rotary Club of ALDAN-SPRINGFIELD, PA., sponsored an intercity gathering for Rotarians of District 266 (32 Clubs in Pennsylvania). It was to be an international goodwill trip to the Rotary Club of St. LAURENT-MOUNT ROYAL, QUE., CANADA, some 400 miles away! Organized by Everett Wood, an ALDAN-SPRINGFIELD member active in Civil Air Patrol work in the area, the flight was made by 24 Rotarians from 14 Clubs and 16 Civil Air Patrol members. The 13-plane air caravan left on a Saturday morning, stopped at GLENS FALLS, N. Y., where a Rotary welcome was extended, and arrived in MONTREAL, QUE., at 3 in the afternoon. At the airport, the Pennsylvania travelers were greeted by press photographers, television cameramen, and Rotarians of St. LAURENT-MOUNT ROYAL, who escorted the visitors on a tour of MONTREAL. Then followed a Rotary meeting and an evening of fellowship. Sunday morning the planes took off for PHILADELPHIA, stopping at ALBANY, N. Y., for another Rotary greeting. "Never have I experienced such hospitality," was the comment of Thomas McKay, then President of the Rotary Club of ALDAN-SPRINGFIELD. "We enjoyed the kind of fellowship that makes you proud to be a member of Rotary. All of us got an unbelievable return for the effort expended."



*A welcome to three Japanese fliers gives an International Service touch to a meeting of the Rotary Club of Sebring, Fla. In America for pilot training at a U. S. Air Force base, they are greeted by C. R. Disher, Club President.*



*Loaded with household goods, two trucks bring merchandise bought by the Rotary Club of Moses Lake, Wash., to an auction sponsored by the Club. Hundreds of bids put some \$500 in Rotary Club's fund for a swimming pool.*



*A "Rotary Village" for the YMCA goes up in a California mountain area as Rotarians of Riverside, Calif., pool skills to get the job done (see item).*

During Rotary's 1956 Convention in PHILADELPHIA, June 3-7, this visit is to be returned. At that time, Rotarians of St. LAURENT-MOUNT ROYAL who come to the Convention will be hosted by Rotarians of ALDAN-SPRINGFIELD.

Another recent flying visit made by Rotarians took 22 OWEGO, N. Y., members to OTTAWA, ONT., CANADA (see photo), where they held an intercity meeting and toured the city.

#### New Water Gifts Bring Thanks

Water, the resource that is so precious to all communities, is now more abundant in the New YORK, N. Y., area through the opening of three new reservoirs at near-by dams. To mark the benefits of this gift of Nature, thanksgiving services were held in the area by three religious faiths. As a part of the celebration, the Rotary Club of LIVINGSTON MANOR, N. Y., sponsored a motorcade that wound its way over a route that included stops at the three dams. Impressive ceremonies were held at each site.

#### They Know the Lake Area Now

New teachers come to a community and begin their classroom duties without having much chance to see the area they're going to live in—so reasoned Rotarians of SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA, not long ago. So, when some new teachers arrived there at the start of the school year, Rotarians invited them to take a conducted tour of Iowa's lake region. Travelling in a school bus driven by a Club member, 13 faculty newcomers had places of special interest pointed out to them by a Rotarian well acquainted with the territory.

#### Many Skills Get This Job Done

High in the San Jacinto Mountains of southern California a "Rotary Village" is being built for a YMCA camp by the Rotary Club of RIVERSIDE, CALIF. When finished, the village, set on 120 acres of timberland, will have five dormitory buildings and a sanitary unit, all built by volunteer labor from the Club's membership (see photo). Full use is being made of the Club's classification roster to utilize the resources and experience of its members: the head of a trucking concern is Chairman of the Transportation Committee; the owner of a plumbing company supervises the plumbing work; and so on. Members without specialized skills come to the camp site to saw boards, hammer nails, and do many other manual tasks needed. Two of the shelters were finished this past Summer by groups working on week-ends; plans call for completing the other buildings this coming Summer. Accommodations will be for 46 boys; the estimated cost of the completed village is \$3,750.

#### Visnagar Boosts School for Girls

To encourage girls to continue their education at the secondary-school level, the Rotary Club of VISNAGAR, INDIA, has plans in operation that will give needed financial aid to a



girls' high school and dormitory in its district. A Rotary Committee has raised 100,000 rupees—about \$25,000—for the school. "Our work for promoting education for girls has just begun," says Girdharial D. Mehta, Club Vice-President, "because the expenses of running these institutions exceed the government grants received. The number of girls taking secondary education in this area is not in keeping with the population, and we want to see the number increase."

#### Jubilee Embers Still Aglow

Though the Golden Year has passed, stories of its celebration by Rotary Clubs around the world still continue to be told. The following were recently reported:

The Rotary Club of SOUTH RICHMOND, VA., as a Jubilee project, purchased and equipped a mobile unit for providing out-patient treatment to sufferers of rheumatism and arthritis. The unit, a specially built station wagon, is manned by a woman technician trained to give physiotherapy and other types of treatment. Maintenance of the vehicle is being paid for by the SOUTH RICHMOND Club, and when a new one is needed the

Photo: Senior Studio



Ready for shipment to Palestinian Arab refugees are two tons of clothing collected by the Rotary Club of Ocean City, N. J., in a community-wide campaign (see item). Shown with the cartons on a loading platform are W. E. North (left), Club Vice-President, and Osborne Nicholson, Club President.

Club has announced that it will provide another one. "We have received many letters from persons who have benefited from this unit," Stanley R. Navas, Club President, says, "and thus we have decided to make our Jubilee project a continuing one."

To Rotary Clubs around the world went copies of the souvenir *Golden Book* published by the Rotary Club of KANDY, CEYLON. A 48-page blue-bound volume, this Anniversary publication presented news about Rotary in KANDY and about Ceylon in general. In mailing it to other lands, KANDY asked recipients to acknowledge receipt of the book by letter "as we hope to use the postage stamps in compiling a stamp book which we plan to sell, the proceeds to be used to help crippled and handicapped persons."



Photo: Penzance

The site of this 240-foot boating pool was formerly a swamp covered with reeds and rushes, but that didn't deter the Rotary Club of Penzance, England, from going ahead with its plans for this recreational facility. Constructed with more than 1,000 tons of material, the pool is valued at £4,000. Rotarians worked mornings and evenings to clear the site and lay 250 paving slabs for the pool sides and bottom.

#### Clothing Drive Nets Two Tons

A gigantic clothing drive was started not long ago in OCEAN CITY, N. J., soon after the Rotary Club heard two of its members report on their travels in the Holy Land. Osborne Nicholson, Club President, and French B. Loveland, a fellow member, told their Rotary Club about a world tour they had made, and in telling of their visit to Palestine they described the plight of thousands of Palestinian Arabs living in refugee settlements in Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, and other Arab nations. Though many countries make financial contributions to a fund for these people, the travellers reported, their need for clothing remained great. As a result, the OCEAN CITY Rotary Club launched a campaign for clothing in good condition, setting up deposit stations for receiving donations. When the drive ended, more than two tons of clothing had to be sorted and packed for shipment abroad (see photo), and Rotary work teams did the job. A helping hand came voluntarily from the near-by Rotary Club of SEA ISLE CITY, which contributed a sizable quantity of garments.

#### 25th Year for Six More Clubs

March is silver-anniversary month for six Rotary Clubs organized in 1931. Congratulations to them! They are: Mill Hill, London, England; East Grinstead, England; Grantham, England; Constitución, Chile; Mifflintown, Pa.; Svendborg, Denmark.

#### Keeping Busy in the Golden Age

In MONTREAL, QUE., CANADA, are many Golden Age Clubs, their membership made up of elderly persons with hobbies that keep them busy. These clubs had their start about three years ago when the MONTREAL Rotary Club sponsored several pilot groups that set the framework for clubs that were to follow. Not long ago, these MONTREAL old folks gave the city its first large-scale hobby show, and again the Rotary Club gave leadership to these active oldsters. The idea for the exhibit originated with the MONTREAL Council of Social Agencies, which asked the Rotary Club to sponsor the event. Ac-

cepting the invitation, the Club set aside \$400 for the project and set up Committees for handling the program, publicity, display, registration, and other matters. Held in the city's Sun Life Auditorium, the show featured some 700 exhibits and attracted more than 4,000 spectators. All displays were the work of persons over 60 years old, and they covered a wide field of handicrafts and arts: lace needlework, paintings, wood carving, sculpture, and others. The oldest exhibitor, 95, attended the show and stood proudly alongside her needlework. Entertainment was also provided by various old-age groups, including a square-dance session. So successful was the exhibit that Murray J. Scott, 1954-55 Club President, predicted that "a similar show will be held next year."

**No Standing Here**—In RICE LAKE, Wis., a new high school was going up, its beautiful auditorium designed to seat 900. To help the city meet the building costs, the Rotary Club took on the job of raising funds to buy 200 of the seats needed. A week before the drive was to end, the 175-seat mark had been reached. With 25 to go, it was predicted that "the seat fund will go up so all can sit down."

#### Clubs Bite into Dental Projects

To protect the teeth of schoolchildren, two Rotary Clubs recently took different paths, though each centered its activity around an athletic game. In MT. STERLING, KY., the Rotary Club is sponsoring a dental clinic for elementary students of the city and county. The 1954-55 clinic made nearly 1,000 dental inspections and provided free work for approximately 200 pupils. The clinic for 1955-56 is again sponsored by MT. STERLING Rotary for children in grades 1 to 6. To help raise funds for its operation, the Club sponsored a basketball game between two college teams.

In MENLO PARK, CALIF., the Rotary Club's dental project was a specialized one in the field of sports: it was de-



Clear the track! Here comes the "Rotary Special" loaded with some 300 picnic-bent fun-seekers of McNary, Ariz., all out to enjoy the Rotary Club's fifth annual train ride and picnic. Made up of three coaches and five flatcars, the train, donated for the occasion, is headed for Big Lake, some 40 miles away. After a long ride through pine country, Rotarians served over 1,000 "hot dogs" at a luncheon for picnickers.

signed to reduce the number of tooth and gum injuries among football players of a local high school. Sparked by Rotarian H. E. Foley, a dentist, the project provided mouth protectors for some 75 members of the school's football squads. Several local dentists cooperated with him in fitting the mouthpieces to individual measurements. A local sporting-goods store supplied the guards at cost.

#### Farm Boys Get a Good Steer

When Rotarians of SALINE, Mich., say, "Let's give the boy a good steer," they mean it literally, for the Club actually makes it possible for many farm boys and girls in the area to own steers. It's a Rotary farm-youth plan that works this way: Participants, 10 to 21 years old, belong to a Steer Club sponsored by SALINE Rotary. In Fall of each year, the Rotary Club buys steers that are distributed among the farm youth by having them draw numbers out of a hat, the boy or girl drawing number seven, for example, getting the number seven steer. Then each recipient pays for his steer if he can; those who cannot pay sign notes for the amount and the Rotary Club guarantees payment. Later, each Rotarian becomes a partner of each farm youth, the partnership being formed by drawing more slips out of a hat. Each Rotary member is asked to keep in close touch with his partner, and to give whatever assistance he can. A high light of this program comes twice a year when Rotarians and Steer Club members visit the home farms of all steer owners. The tour usually ends after all the partners attend a Rotary meeting. The climax of each year's steer plan comes the following Fall at a community fair to which all the steers are brought for auctioning to bidders representing packing companies. "Through our Steer Club project," says Alvin Gross, SALINE's Rural-Urban Committee Chairman, "farm boys and girls are gaining

experience in cattle showmanship and are learning how to fatten cattle for market."

#### If Beginnings Tell the Future...

... Then the tomorrow of many a new Rotary Club are destined to be filled with varied service activities. Here are two recent examples of "baby" Clubs taking big first steps down Rotary's pathway of helpfulness to others. The Rotary Club of LONDON EAST, ONT., CANADA, is less than a year old, its membership numbering 23. When its charter night was only weeks past, LONDON EAST set out to give a helping hand to a local association for aiding retarded children, a group of parents working together to provide education for their handicapped youngsters. To raise funds for the work, the Rotary Club held a bargain sale and auction, using donated goods and other items bought at wholesale prices. For two days the sale went on, with Rotarians and their wives working to make



In the Canadian city of Winnipeg—where the first Rotary Club outside the U.S.A. was formed in 1910—stands this marker in a circular pathway to an "International Goodwill Garden." The stone was donated by the Winnipeg Rotary Club. On a recent visit there, three Rotarians of Shawinigan Falls, Que., Canada, viewed site after going to Winnipeg Rotary (see item).

it a winning venture. "It was fun," says Herbert J. Farrow, Club Secretary, "and it was profitable. Checks totalling \$4,010 were handed to the association. And we have decided to do it again."

Another less-than-a-year-old Rotary Club, that of FANO, ITALY, began its service program by focusing attention on the importance of agriculture to its community. Its early meetings were devoted to discussions of new irrigation projects, methods of wheat culture, and other farm subjects. By their interest in local agricultural problems, FANO Rotarians are helping to direct the thinking of farmers in the area toward newer soil practices.

#### More Travellers Carry a Banner

As told in text and photos in THE ROTARIAN for February, Rotarian travellers often carry with them their Club banners for presentation to the Clubs they visit. It's a practice globally popular, and many examples of it could be cited. A recent one concerns three Rotarians of SHAWINIGAN FALLS, QUE., CANADA, and their visit to WINNIPEG, MAN., CANADA, some 1,100 miles away. In their luggage the visitors—Henry Pike, Henry Garand, and Roland Hebert—carried a banner of the SHAWINIGAN FALLS Club, which one of them presented to WINNIPEG Rotary as a reminder of the friendly ties existing between the two cities. Later, on a tour of the city, the visitors were taken to see a handsome plaque (see photo) erected by the WINNIPEG Club in front of the city's famed International Goodwill Garden. The SHAWINIGAN FALLS visitors also were honored by the Mayor of WINNIPEG, who received them in his office.

#### 31 New Clubs in Rotary World

Since the February listing of new Clubs in this department, Rotary has entered 31 more communities in many parts of the world. The new Clubs (with their sponsors in parentheses) are: Vlaardingen (Schiedam), The Netherlands; Borås Östra (Borås), Sweden; Les Sables d'Olonne (La Roche-sur-Yon), France; Stubbe-købing (Stege and Nykøbing F.), Denmark; Mid Rhondda, Wales; Takayama (Gifu), Japan; Bragança Paulista (Sorocaba), Brazil; Macksville (Nambucca Heads), Australia; Armadale (Victoria Park), Australia; Lunéville (Nancy), France; Fortaleza Oeste (Fortaleza), Brazil; Prahran (Melbourne), Australia; Omiya (Kumagaya), Japan; Bisai (Nagoya and Ichinomiya), Japan; Villa Alberdi (Aguilares), Argentina; Tongres (Hasselt), Belgium; Lavaur (Castres), France; Draguignan (Saint-Raphael), France; Haverhill, England; Sandwich, England; Ramat Gan (Tel-Aviv/Jaffa), Israel; Cheam, England; Calcutta (Chone), Ecuador; Baghdad, Iraq; Savannah (Lawrenceburg), Tenn.; Gibraltar (Rockwood), Mich.; Saratoga (Los Gatos), Calif.; Long Beach (Jamaica and Lynbrook), N. Y.; West Omaha (Omaha), Nebr.; East Northport (Northport), N. Y.; Southfield (Royal Oak), Mich.

# PERSONALIA

*'Briefs' about Rotarians, their honors and records.*

**NOTE OF CHEER.** One way to get a new member interested in your Club's activities is to have him write a song for the Club—which is what HAL KAPP, of Palm Desert, Calif., did shortly after he became a member. So the Club printed it on wallet-sized cards to the tune of *Maryland, My Maryland*, and now Palm Desert is singing:

*Oh, welcome friends, you're welcome here.  
Please come again from far and near.  
Good fellowship is sure to be,  
Wherever there is Rotary;  
When once again you come this way  
We hope that you will care to stay;  
Palm Desert Rotary's glad you came  
And hopes that you will feel the same!*

**Biography.** WILLIAM R. WALLACE, of Salt Lake City, Utah, tells the story of his life this way: "As a boy [I] carried water to the elephants across the street to get into the circus. After that, I grew up." It's a neat, concise account—but it leaves large segments of his career out of print. Such as the fact that he's often called "Mr. Reclamation" because of his intense interest and activity in the cause of water conservation in the arid American West. It says nothing, either, about his large community service contributions, and it also omits his age—90. But his Rotary Club, on the occasion of his

90th birthday, said all those things for him at a special celebration which called forth speeches from such people as Utah's Governor J. BRACKEN LEE, Salt Lake City's Mayor EARL J. GLADE, and various national officials. His nephew, United States Senator WALLACE BENNETT, also spoke—and the Salt Lake City newspaper editorialized the wish that "he may live as spry, as alert, and as public-spirited as ever, to celebrate his 100th birthday."

**Nominated.** GIAN PAOLO LANG, a produce exporter of Leghorn, Italy, is the choice of the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International for 1955-56. The Committee made the nomination at its meeting in Chicago in mid-January.

ROTARIAN LANG is co-partner and manager of the firm of Luigi Lang, in Leghorn. He is a director of the Leghorn branch of the Bank of Italy, and has served as vice-chairman of the Chamber of Commerce of Leghorn and as chairman of its foreign trade and economic and finance sections.

Joining the Rotary Club of Leghorn in 1936, ROTARIAN LANG later served as its President, and subsequently has served



**GIAN PAOLO LANG**, of Leghorn, Italy—the nominee of the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International in 1955-57 (see item at left).

Rotary International as District Governor, Committee member and Chairman, Director, and Vice-President. In the current Rotary year he is a Rotary Information and Extension Counsellor and an alternate member of the European, North African, and Eastern Mediterranean Advisory Committee.

**Retirement.** To DR. MORLEY A. JULL, Past President of the Rotary Club of College Park, Md., retirement from the head chair of the University of Maryland's poultry department merely was a pause in a career that has continued without let-up. He promptly packed his bags and climbed aboard a ship bound for Egypt, where he had taken on a two-year assignment as advisor to the Government on poultry problems.

**Fur and Feathers.** J. H. MISER, JR., President of the Rotary Club of Marysville, Tenn., is proud of his Club's attendance record, but at the same time might admit with a wry grin that it would be helpful—just once—if someone would miss a meeting because he's awfully tired of Gussie. He's had her nearly a year. Gussie is a full-blown goose who is given to the member who misses a meeting and spoils the record. In perfect attendance, the President has the happy privilege of Gussie, a slight twist on the practice of the Rotary Club of Lake Elsinore, Calif., where, THE ROTARIAN of December, 1955, reported, the guest is a monkey that passes from one misser to the next.

**Rotarian Honors.** JAMES S. HUDNALL, a 21-year member of the Rotary Club of Tyler, Tex., was named "man of the month" for December by the East Texas Chamber of Commerce. . . . DR. JACK C. HORNER, of Spruce Pine, N. C., has been made a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. . . . LESTER J. CONKLING, of Aberdeen, Md., has become the only

## It's Sir Angus Now

**TWICE** a year the Queen of England bestows honors on persons of the British Commonwealth: on her birthday and on New Year's Day. On her 1956 New Year's Honors list was the name of a man known to Rotarians around the globe: Angus S. Mitchell, of Melbourne, Australia—President of Rotary International in 1948-49. One of three Australians on the list, Angus is now Sir Angus Mitchell.

The knighthood was bestowed for "public service to the Commonwealth of Australia," and it makes Sir Angus the first Past President of Rotary International to own the title. His record of service to his country is long, including the chairmanship of a World War II YMCA committee for Australia's defense forces, and varied contributions to his nation's youth. Professionally, he was a grain dealer, retiring from business in 1936.

Typically, Angus wears his new honor well, saying, "It is really for

Rotary. Every opportunity for any service which I have been privileged to render has come to me through this movement I love so much."

Typical, too, was a request he made of Rotary's Central Office in Evanston, Illinois—just after he was knighted. As a Past International President, he uses Rotary letterheads bearing his name. His supply was running low and Angus asked that some be sent to him "with the wording just the same as before."







Photo: M. Berstrand



Photo: Cross

Honors—in three lands—to the President of Rotary International, A. Z. Baker, of Cleveland, Ohio: In France (left) General Ganeval, acting for the national President, decorates him with the Legion of Honor. . . . In Korea (center) the Minister of Justice of the Republic, Mr. Lee Ho, enrolls him

in the Korean Bar Association. . . . In the U. S. A. (right) Dr. W. Ballentine Henley, president of the College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons, in Los Angeles, Calif., and President of the local Rotary Club, presents President Baker with an honorary degree, Doctor of Humane Letters.

civilian employee of the Department of the Army to win the National Civil Service League award for exemplifying the best characteristics of the career civil servant. . . . The University of Arizona and Arizona State College Alumni Associations have awarded



Donaldson

"alumni service and appreciation awards" to MARTIN GENTRY, of Bisbee, Ariz., and HORACE B. GRIFFEN, of Phoenix, Ariz. . . .

GEORGE P. DONALDSON, president of Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College, Tifton, Ga., has received the 1955 "man of the year in service to Georgia agriculture" from the *Progressive Farmer* magazine. . . . HERMAN WHITE, of Eau Claire, Wis., has been reelected to his fourth term on the three-man executive committee of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues. . . . CLEANTE G. JANUTOLO, a charter member in Fayetteville, W. Va., has received the Star of Solidarity medal from the Republic of Italy. . . .

FREDERICK B. WALKER, a member of the Rotary Club of Brookline, Mass., and district Scout commissioner of the Monroe District, South Florida Council of the Boy Scouts of America, was highly commended for outstanding work in Scouting in a special resolution adopted by the Rotary Club of Key West, Fla. . . .

HENRY W. HOLMAN, of Hackensack, N. J., is the winner of the first annual realtor community service award sponsored by the New Jersey Association of Real Estate Boards and the Franklin Capital Corporation, of Newark, N. J.

**Chesty.** In Corona, Calif., 13 Rotarians are leaders in the Community Chest. PRESIDENT HARRIS KIESER is chairman of the fund drive and other division chairmen are: CHARLES LEISTER, RAY MAHONEY, JOHN FIGUERA, E. E. KNAUER, JAMES

FALCONER, HOLLIS WESTFALL, HARRY COLE, HARRY KRAUSE, AMOS COOPER, R. B. SNEDGECOR, E. E. HAMMOND, and RALPH MOODY.

**Corking.** ROTARIAN JOHN A. DE PAOLI, known as the cinema king of Holtville, situated in California's lush Imperial Valley, calls hard labor his hobby—hard labor in the growing of cork trees some 50 paces from downtown, behind his theater. Cork, of course, is highly valued industrially, and most of the American supply must be imported from the Mediterranean area. But ROTARIAN DE PAOLI believes the tree will grow in the United States, and points to the experience of the Spanish in transplanting it as proof. He also can point to his own trees which are doing rather well, and he says that four more Summers of battling with heat will finally prove his contention that cork trees, once acclimated, will grow. That done, he expects to donate at least six trees to the city as memorials to deceased Rotarians.

**Educators.** At the end of November, 1955, there convened in Washington, D. C., a conference of U. S. educators and businessmen, all gravely concerned about the problems of education. It was the White House Conference on Education, and as usual, whenever citizen leaders tackle a major problem, Rotarians were in the thick of the discussions.

There were 42 Rotarians present, including:

Halsey Knapp, Farmingdale, N.Y.; Lorenzo Garcia and Oscar Loubriel, both of Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico; Morton Seidenfeld, Rockville Centre, N.Y.; G. A. Elchler, Northampton, Pa.; Stewart H. Smith, Huntington, W. Va.; H. M. Cornining, Washington, D.C.; Maurice F. Seay, Battle Creek, Mich.; Henry H. Stilwell, Texarkana, Tex.; Farmer L. Ewing, Buffalo, N.Y.; W. A. Bozarth, Tuscola, Ill.; Meryl Bird, Cadillac, Mich.; John R. Moore, Los Angeles, Calif.; Charles F. Gosnell, Albany, N.Y.; D. D. Moorhead, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; A. W. Leslie, Minneapolis, Minn.; Broward Culpepper, Tallahassee, Fla.; Dee Cooper, Helena, Mont.; Ernest P. Boles, Liberal, Kans.; Lester B. Foreman, Pittsford, N.Y.; Paul R. Haas, Corpus Christi, Tex.; Sen. George J. Evans, Wakefield, Mass.; Clarence M. Dannelly, Montgomery, Ala.; Ernest R. Britton, Midland, Mich.; Carl E. Peterson, Chicago Heights, Ill.; Frank P. Hill, Tahoka, Tex.; Harlan E. Diehr, Wooster, Ohio; Dewey F. Barich, Dearborn, Mich.; James M. Hare, Lansing, Mich.; E. C. Dingwall, Seattle, Wash.; Arthur S. Crites, Bakersfield, Calif.; C. L. Johnson, Petoskey, Mich.; Lynn M. Bartlett, Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Paul J. Coughlin, Tallahassee, Fla.; Lanier Hunt, Homewood, Ill.; Henry H. Hill, Nashville, Tenn.; R. W. Holmstedt, Terre Haute, Ind.; W. T. Hanes, Cameron, Tex.; William Jakad, Cheboygan, Mich.; Robert G. Buzzard, Charleston, Ill.; Dr. J. Davis Armistead, Lubbock, Tex.; and J. W. Nixon, Laredo, Tex.

**Rotarian Author.** FRANK BENNETT, of Garnett, Kans., a Past District Governor, is the author of a novel, *So Brief a Spring*, in the January issue of *Red-book* magazine.



Holman



Here are 12 fathers and sons who meet together on Rotary day in Washington, N. C. Top left to right are E. Leon and Max Roebuck; W. R. and Phil Roberson; and Ralph and Ralph Hodges, Jr. Bottom row are L. H. and Lewis Swindell, Jr.; W. H. and Thomas Windley, and Zeno and Zeno Edwards, Jr. In *The Rotarian* for January, 1956, they were incorrectly represented as members of the Rotary Club of Washington, D. C.



## Your Letters

[Continued from page 2]

to Clubs now, alas! no longer recorded in our *Official Directory*. How they quicken our imagination: Clubs from Poland and Yugoslavia, etc. The first letter I picked up was from a well-known Polish center. At that time a small Club of 20 members, all associated in the development of what is now a great harbor. The writer said, "We are endeavoring to introduce the high ideals of Rotary. We are understanding perfectly well the meaning of peace, goodwill, and cooperation of the nations." How the experiences of these old friends, from that time, must have brought home to them the true meaning of those words.

Through the bitter years of the war period, Harold wrote from this bomb center of Kent. In spite of his Club being close to the London target, and the area itself constantly receiving "buzz bombs" or "doodle bugs," as the local people called them, the members of the Bromley Club failed to meet only once, and the weekly toast, and the letter which followed it, continued until hundreds of Clubs received Harold's words of good cheer.

At the commencement of hostilities, Kuala Lumpur, describing itself as the Garden City of Malaya, wrote: "The avalanche of aggressive nationalism sweeping over the face of the earth, and placed as we are in close proximity to the seat of unprovoked war, we have our work cut out to keep international ideals from disintegrating. Stick to them we must, and we are striving to do so by propagating what is noble and ignoring the ignoble."

Rangoon, so soon to be smitten with the horrors of war, spoke of "goodwill and peace to everyone." Stellenbosch, Union of South Africa, a small Club, refers to a "spiritual duty."

So we moved to the day when war ceased and letters commenced to flow back from lands freed from enemy occupation and from the countries which were opposed to us in war, all seeking to renew old contacts and bonds of friendship.



"Homer is asking for my hand. . . I do wish daddy wouldn't be so obvious."

If this one Rotarian could establish contact with, say, 1,500 Clubs in 25 years, and each Club has an average of 35 members, how many similar contacts could be made in one year if 500 Rotarians did the same thing? The answer will surprise you.

### Metal of Friendship Meets Test

Finds DAVID KIRBY, Rotarian  
Dean, Concord College  
Athens, West Virginia

"Stouter than steel is the Rotary wheel," or so sang Athens Rotarians from our book copyrighted in 1925. I can testify to the truth of the song line. Burleigh C. Jacobs in his *A Collector Looks at the Rotary Stamps* [THE ROTARIAN for January] seems to underscore the same idea when he discusses the impact of the commemoratives issued in honor of Rotary's 50th Anniversary.

As a gesture of friendship a number of months ago, I sent two U.S.A. Rotary stamps to a list of Rotary Clubs in countries whose Governments had issued commemoratives. With the aid of the department of foreign languages in Concord College and of a Lebanese student, my letter in English was translated into French, Spanish, and Arabic. In cases where I did send letters in English, I appended an apology that I myself was unable to write in the tongue of the person addressed.

The acknowledgment of my letters has been most heartening. Men busy in professional and business life—lawyers, doctors, teachers, industrialists—have taken time to say "thank you." In every case they have thoughtfully used or sent a stamp of their country.

I have mounted the spread of letters and postal paper [see photo], and it



Rotarian David Kirby and the heartening replies he received from Rotary Clubs in many countries (see letter).

Stamps, and the exchanging of them, do bring men together, do make me believe that the metal of men is "stouter than steel." What would happen if all men—no, just a majority of the world's humanity—could envision "international understanding, goodwill, and peace"?

### A Bit of Verse Re: Stamps

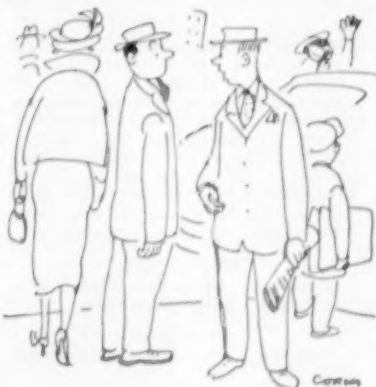
From JAMES C. SHUFORD  
Honorary Rotarian  
Former Gasoline and Oil Retailer  
Hickory, North Carolina

Reading Burleigh E. Jacobs' *A Collector Looks at the Rotary Stamps* in THE ROTARIAN for January reminded me of the three stanzas which I wrote when the U.S.A. 8-cent commemorative was issued. They were then printed in our Club's *Spoke of Hickory*. Maybe my fellow Rotarians around the world would like to read it:

There was an 8-cent Rotary stamp  
No bigger than your thumb,  
But still it stuck right on its job  
Until its work was done.

They licked it and abused it  
And did all kinds of tricks,  
But the more it took the stickin',  
The tighter it would stick.

Let's all be like that Rotary stamp  
In all our Rotary ways,  
By stickin' to its four points,  
And be sure the stickin' stays.



"You took my marrying Helen kind of hard. Why don't you come up for a meal sometime. It'll soften the blow."

includes stamps from Algeria, Belgium, Brazil, Cuba, Ecuador, Egypt, France, French West Africa, Honduras, Korea, Lebanon, Monaco, Nicaragua, Panama, The Philippines, Saar, Syria, and Tunisia.

### An Article Brings an Offer

From RAYMOND W. MILLING  
Chicago, Illinois

I have enjoyed reading the articles about Rotary stamps which have appeared in THE ROTARIAN, the most recent of which was Burleigh E. Jacobs' *A Collector Looks at the Rotary Stamps* [January issue].

The Universal Ship Cancellation Society is an organization whose members collect covers cancelled aboard ships of the United States Navy. As one of its directors, I think that many of your readers might be interested in our pamphlet *How to Collect Naval Covers*. If any reader would like to have one, I would be happy to supply it without charge. Just write me at 919 West Newport Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois, and



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enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope of standard size.

## Stamp Impact in Australia

Reports HARRY TOMLINSON, Rotarian  
Past Service  
Katoomba, Australia

In his *A Collector Looks at the Rotary Stamps* [THE ROTARIAN for January] Burleigh E. Jacobs discusses the "impact" of the more than 150 million postage stamps issued to honor Rotary International. I just want to report that the impact has been felt here down under in Australia, and wish to present a bit of proof.

A member of the Rotary Club of Katoomba mounted the Golden Anniversary commemorative and framed them for presentation to Sidney C. Marsh, who served the Club as President in Rotary's Golden Anniversary Year. They were given to him at a recent meeting. The accompanying photo shows the framed stamps held by little Kerrie Smith, who is the daughter of a neighbor of mine.



Kerrie and bit of proof (see letter).

## Re: Food and Fellowship

By LAURENCE W. ROBINSON, Rotarian  
Past Service  
Mitchell, South Dakota

I found *For Fellowship, Try a Forum* [THE ROTARIAN for January] very interesting, for it played up a factor that we in Rotary should always bear in mind; fellowship. I noted, in one of the photos, the well-filled plates of the General Inter-Community Forum participants, a current illustration of the fact that food and fellowship are almost inextricably linked.

It was my privilege recently to address the women of St. Mary's Guild, a local church organization that has served meals to the Rotary Club of Mitchell for 37 years, a period which embraced my term as Governor of the old 119th District. I wondered if there is any other Club that has been served by one organization for so long. I doubt it.

In expressing the Club's appreciation for what the Guild's service had meant to Rotarians down through the years, just to make the picture a bit more realistic I had done a bit of figuring on the quantities of food the members had prepared and served in the 37 years. Maybe readers of THE ROTARIAN would also be interested in these food facts.

If the 20,720 pounds of roast beef, 9,250 pounds of pork chops, and 13,875 pounds of steaks could be reincarnated

## Rotary Foundation Contributions

SINCE the report in the February issue of Rotary Clubs that have contributed to the Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member, 44 additional Clubs had at presstime become 100 percenters. This brought the total number of 100 percent Clubs to 4,411. As of January 13, 1956, \$156,880 had been received since July 1, 1955. The latest contributors (with Club membership in parentheses) are:

### AUSTRALIA

Rydalmere (24); Red Cliffs (28); Taree (51); Narrandera (29).

### BELGIUM

Vilvorde (30); Dinant-sur-Meuse (33).

### BRAZIL

Alagoinhas (18).

### CANADA

Kenora, Ontario (46); London East, Ont. (20); Markdale, Ont. (18).

### COLOMBIA

Cali (36).

### FINLAND

Järvenpää (27).

### FRANCE

Sète (29); Bourges (36).

### GERMANY

Wilhelmshaven (30); Wuppertal (46).

### JAPAN

Hachinohe (21); Yokohama East (26); Yoshiwara (23); Miyazu (19).

### NORWAY

Bodo (44); Grimstad (24).

### SWEDEN

Lindesberg (44); Strängnäs (47); Sundbyberg (34); Stockholm Norra (25).

### SWITZERLAND

Rheintal (25).

### UNITED STATES

Encino, Calif. (52); McKinney, Tex. (53); Groves, Tex. (23); Rapid City, S.D. (118); Franklin, Mass. (34); Gardena, Calif. (34); Chester, Mont. (24); Elmhurst, Ill. (26); Cupertino, Calif. (25); Ganado, Tex. (25); Boardman, Ohio (25); Stroudsburg, Pa. (83); Cheshire, Conn. (35); Oneco, Fla. (25); Ironbound (Newark), N. J. (33); Rocky Mount, Va. (18); Harwich-Dennis, Mass. (46).

into the livestock from which they came, they would check up to 42 steers and 333 fat hogs. Included, also, would be 2,590 chickens. (Maybe the Guild ladies would have made more money for their church if they had used this livestock to start a farm, and capitalized on the increase.) Add to this 709 bushels of potatoes, 9,250 quarts of gravy, 9,250 loaves of bread, 5,365 pounds of butter, 20,350 cans of vegetables plus innumerable pounds of fresh vegetables, 24,000 pounds of sugar, 2,775 pints of cream, 9,248 quarts of milk, 3,219 pounds of coffee, 16,280 pies, and 3,337 quarts of ice cream.

That's a lot of food (based on 50 meals a year for 37 years), but I would like to add this comment: Although it is possible to estimate the amount of food, no one can estimate the values of fellowship to the men who ate it. That figure is written into the lives of the men themselves. In expressing Rotarians' appreciation of these years of service, I tried to point out to the Guild members that although Rotarians "do not live by bread alone," good meals, cheerfully served, have played an important part in the fellowship and other objectives of Rotary.

### **Banners Beat Path of Friendship**

*Says J. A. WAGNILD, Rotarian  
Concrete-Mix Manufacturer  
Encino, California*

When a member of our Club, Edward A. Sheehan, returned from a European trip a few weeks back, he brought proof of how Rotary banners mean deepened fellowship and wider understanding around the Rotary World. [See *About Those Club Banners*, THE ROTARIAN for February.]

As a result of visits to Rotary meetings in more than a dozen countries, he changed banners with Clubs in Ireland, England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and Canada. He also exchanged banners with Rotarians from India and Venezuela. [see photo.]

The exchange of banners certainly helped to make Rotarian Sheehan's visits more memorable. It proved a real spur to fellowship wherever he went.



*Rotarian Sheehan displays his banners.*

MARCH, 1956

## *What do they look for in a new organ?*

**The organist says:**

### **TRUE CHURCH TONES**

"That we must have, and the Hammond gives you more variations of fine church tones than any organ in its field. I've compared them all. I can do more with a Hammond."

**The trustee says:**

### **LOW UPKEEP**

"We had a lot of expense with our old one. I understand the Hammond is the only organ that never gets out of tune. Has less depreciation, too. The Board favors a Hammond."

**The pastor says:**

### **VERSATILITY**

"We have a lot of different services and group programs in our church. The Hammond can provide more inspiration for all of them. And it is the organ more people are familiar with."



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Illustration by  
Joe Richard



# Mourn for the Mournful Whistle

By SAM GERALD  
*Rotarian, Pampa, Tex.*

I HOLD no disdain for progress: I entertain no contempt for Diesel engines. Actually, I am not nostalgic: I would rather look ahead.

Still, I would like to bewail the passing of the steam locomotive and its replacement with Diesel engines. The Diesels are cleaner, I suppose, and I presume they are more economical and efficient, but they cannot sing like the old steam locomotives used to sing.

It's the singing that I miss. The thought of it reminds me of my Uncle Marcus. He was my Aunt Dell's husband, and they had two small boys. That was 30 years ago when Uncle Marcus worked as a locomotive engineer on the logging trains of deep east Texas where the tall pines grow.

I think of them still every time I hear a locomotive whistle. There is nothing more weirdly reminiscent of deep east Texas and the piney woods than the faraway, mournful song of a train whistle. During the height of the sawmill era, the extensive network of railroads running in and out of the forests and between the lumber towns was so intricate that it became legendary.

Logging engineers in the Sabine-Neches Valley were like roosters. When one pulled his whistle cord, his action started all the others pulling cords, and the whistling began in earnest. Sometimes I lay awake in the quiet hours of

near midnight, or often early in the morning before the break of day, waiting for the sweetest music a deep east Texan ever heard. Far out in the pines I could hear a log train, pulling out of the Sabine River bottomlands, and I knew that soon Uncle Marcus would reach for his whistle cord to play his mournful solo.

He knew full well, and I did, too, that coming out of the Neches River bottom on the other side of the valley would be another log train and that his steam-whistle solo would become a challenge. His whistle's long, eerie cry would no more than become echoes in the pine thickets, bouncing for miles into the sawmilling towns, before the other engineer would try to outdo him on his own whistle cord.

Then there was a duet, and the contest was on. Down through the thickets the train wheels click-clacked on the rails while the engineers pulled their cords and woke up the countryside in three counties. Miles away, other engineers, in all directions, joined the chorus, and the din of it was like a vast symphony orchestra, with music so invigorating that it inspired the simple country boy that I was, and I lay there being ambitious. Nobody ever complained that the whistles awoke him. Nobody ever was disturbed by the whistling; it was restful as sleep and



more beautiful, and you could dream in it, too. You simply lay in your comfortable bed and enjoyed the music, and sometimes you wished you were riding the lonely log trail with Uncle Marcus and his kind.

The log-train tracks crossed the main lines every few miles, and an aerial view of the forests would have shown them checkerboarded with rails. There was a legend in deep east Texas that once an engineer on one of the main-line trains was switched onto a network of log-train tracks by accident and was lost in the bewildering tall timbers for a week before he managed to get the main-liner back on the right track to Houston.

Uncle Marcus never got lost. When it was time for him to go home, and when he was making the last, long haul through the woods, he would start pulling his whistle cord, and if his steam was right he would make the locomotive whistle play what sounded very much like a note or two from *Home, Sweet Home*. Aunt Dell and their boys knew what that meant. Uncle Marcus would be home soon.

You never thought of the log-tram engineers as forlorn; a touch of the whistle cord greeted a fellow engineer a dozen miles away or said, "I love you," to the mother of his children across the valley. You thought of him as being very near.

You'll find just a few of the old, eight-wheeled log wagons left in deep east Texas now, and they are museum pieces, but the horses and the oxen that pulled them have gone with the old engineers who lived to see most of the tram roads rust away.

**YOU** STILL can hear a few plaintive locomotive whistles in the deep east Texas pines, but they're the cries of the freight trains just passing through. Even they are disappearing as railroads convert from steam to Diesel, and the Diesel's harsh blast is enough to waken the dead. (In my newspaper the other Sunday I saw that some Diesels had changed their tune; moose, mistaking the noise for a mating call, were charging down the tracks to their destruction.)

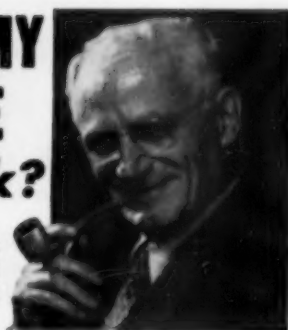
The everlasting stream of logs is still going to the sawmills, but they're being hauled on trailer trucks that have no whistles, just grating horns that drown out the moaning of the pines.

As I said, I have no argument with progress: I'm all for it, and for efficiency and economy, too. It's best, I guess, not to think about a grimy, cinder-covered man, who could pull a whistle cord and find a companion in his solitude; a cheerful individual whose best qualification for the important job he held was his ability to play a tune on a locomotive whistle.

## WILL YOU SMOKE MY NEW KIND OF PIPE 30 Days at My Risk?

By E. A. CAREY

All I want is your name so I can write and tell you why I'm willing to send you my pipe for 30 days smoking without a cent of risk on your part.



My new pipe is not a new model, not a new style, not a new gadget, not an improvement on old style pipes. It is the first pipe in the world to use an **ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE** for giving unadulterated pleasure to pipe smokers.

I've been a pipe smoker for 30 years—always looking for the ideal pipe—buying all the disappointing gadgets—never finding a single, solitary pipe that would smoke hour after hour, day after day, without bitterness, bite, or sludge.

With considerable doubt, I decided to work out something for myself. After months of experimenting and scores of disappointments, suddenly, almost by accident, I discovered how to harness four great natural laws to give me everything I wanted in a pipe. It didn't require any "breaking in". From the first puff it smoked cool—it smoked mild. It smoked right down to the last bit of tobacco without bite. It never has to be "rested". AND it **never has to be cleaned!** Yet it is utterly impossible for goo or sludge to reach your tongue, because my invention dissipates the goo as it forms!

You might expect all this to require a complicated mechanical gadget, but when you see it, the most surprising thing will be that I've done all this in a pipe that looks like any of the finest conventional pipes.

The claims I could make for this new principle in tobacco enjoyment are so spectacular that no pipe smoker would believe them. So, since "seeing is believing", I also say "Smoking is convincing" and I want to send you one Carey Pipe to smoke 30 days at my risk. At the end of that time, if you're willing to give up your Carey Pipe, simply break it to bits—and return it to me—the trial has cost you nothing.

Please send me your name today. The coupon or a postal card will do. I'll send you absolutely free my complete trial offer so you can decide for yourself whether or not my pipe-smoking friends are right when they say the Carey Pipe is the greatest smoking invention ever patented. Send your name today. As one pipe smoker to another, I'll guarantee you the surprise of your life, FREE. Write E. A. Carey, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 43 Chicago 40, Illinois

**E. A. CAREY, 1920 Sunnyside Ave.,  
DEPT. 43 CHICAGO 40, ILLINOIS**

Please send facts about the Carey Pipe. Then I will decide if I want to try it for 30 Days at YOUR RISK. Everything you send is free. No salesman is to call.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Bass Fishermen will Say I'm Crazy... until they try my method!



**But, after an honest trial, if you're  
at all like the other men to whom I've  
told my strange plan, you'll guard it with your last breath.**

Don't jump at conclusions. I'm not a manufacturer of any fancy new lure. I have no reels or lines to sell. I'm a professional man and make a good living in my profession. But my all-absorbing hobby is fishing. And, quite by accident, I've discovered how to go to waters that everyone else says are fished out and come in with a limit catch of the biggest bass that you ever saw. The savage old bass that got so big, because they were "wise" to every ordinary way of fishing.

This **METHOD** is NOT spinning, trolling, casting, fly fishing, trot line fishing, set line fishing, hand line fishing, live bait fishing, jugging, netting, trapping, seining, and does not even faintly resemble any of these standard methods of fishing. No live bait or prepared bait is used. You can carry all of the equipment you need in one hand.

The whole method can be learned in twenty minutes—twenty minutes of fascinating reading. All the extra equipment you need, you can buy locally at a cost of less than a dollar. Yet with it, you can come in after an hour or two of the greatest excitement of your life, with a stringer full. Not one or two miserable 12 or 14 inch over-sized keepers—but five or six real beauties with real poundage behind them. The kind that don't need a word of explanation of the professional skill of the man who caught them. Absolutely legal, too—in every state.

This amazing method was developed by a little group of professional fishermen. Though they are public guides, they rarely divulge their method to their patrons. They use it only when fishing for their own tables. It is probable that no man on your waters has ever seen it, ever heard of it, or ever used it. And when you have given it the first trial, you will be as clamored-mouthed as a man who has suddenly discovered

a gold mine. Because with this method you can fish with in a hundred feet of the best fishermen in the country and pull in ferocious big ones while they come home empty handed. No special skill is required. The method is just as deadly in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer. My method will be disclosed only to those few men in each area who will give me their word of honor not to give the method to anyone else.

Send me your name. Let me tell you how you can try out this deadly method of bringing in big bass from your "fished out" waters. Let me tell you why I let you try out my unusual method for the whole fishing season without risking a penny of your money. Send your name for details of my money-back trial offer. There is no charge for this information, now or at any other time. Just your name is all I need. But I guarantee that the information I send you will make you a complete skeptic—until you decide to try my method! And then, your own catches will fill you with disbelief. Send your name, today. This will be fun.

**ERIC H. FARE, Libertyville 22, Illinois**

**Eric H. Fare, Libertyville 22, Illinois**

Dear Mr. Fare: Send me complete information without any charge and without the slightest obligation. Tell me how I can learn your method of catching big bass from "fished out" waters, even when the old timers are reporting "No Luck."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



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# Transatlantic Who's Who

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## Punishment Doesn't Pay

[Continued from page 39]

years. Eventually they sold it and retired.

One of these men had been in prison, the other had never been caught. Both were completely reformed.

I've known men, too, who've spent most of their lives in prison—like Big Bill Mason, who was one of the most notorious bank robbers in America. Bill stole more than 3 million dollars and, according to police, killed a dozen people who got in his way at one time or another. He had been in several prisons, had escaped from some, and was serving what amounted to a life term in Sing Sing when he wandered into the chapel on the first Sunday morning I ever preached there.

Something I said awakened the old man's desire to live decently and he asked me to pray for him. After a year or so, when I saw that he was sincere, I persuaded the Governor to commute Bill's sentence so that he could be paroled. Then I got him a job with a firm of detectives. He proved so trustworthy that when his employers were asked to guard a ship that had 9 million dollars in gold bullion aboard, they put Bill Mason in charge of it. When I told that to the Governor, he gave Bill a full pardon.

A man I'll call Joe Wallnski came all the way from California to ask me to send him back to prison as a parole violator. He had forged some checks to pay his bills and buy drugs, to which he had become addicted. He insisted that there was no hope for him; he was resigned to spending the rest of his life in prison.

I refused to send him back, but got him treatment for his drug habit instead. Then a private detective came to me with a warrant for Joe on the check charges.

After I explained to the detective what I was trying to do, he actually went to the bankers' association and persuaded it to hold up the warrant. Joe had a small pension check coming to him every month from his Army service, and I arranged for repayment of the stolen money out of this. When it was all paid and Joe had finished his cure, the detective agency was so pleased that it offered him a job. However, Joe got his old job back in California.

We know the right way to reform criminals. The question now is how can such methods be applied on a greater scale. Even if the public mind were ready for such a thing, it would take a long time to establish a workable substitute for the present penal system. But in the meantime, while reform is being worked out, there is one step we can take: we can put qualified workers in the prisons to carry on intelligent, active work for the rehabilitation of the criminals we collect there. Among them should be more chaplains.

In one large prison with a population of 1,500 men, there are two full-time

## Odd Shots

Can you match these photographs for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. If used, the "odd shot" will bring you \$3. But remember—it must be different!



This "underground monster" is really a white radish grown in the James Roush garden of Lebanon, Kans. Rotarian M. C. Axelson, Smith County Agricultural Agent, camera-recorded it.



Is it a "double-bodied" porpoise or are we seeing "double"? In any case, Rotarian R. L. Taylor, of Akron, Ohio, was at the right place at the right split-second for this Marineland, Fla., photograph.

THE ROTARIAN

chaplains, one Protestant and one Catholic. There is a part-time Jewish chaplain and perhaps two or three ministers of other denominations who visit the prison for a couple of hours a week. In effect one chaplain has 500 or 600 men and sometimes more to look after.

This is an impossible task. He may give each man a half-hour interview every two months or so, but what can that accomplish? Yet the chaplains do get results with the comparatively few men they are able to talk with frequently—usually men who work in their offices.

We need in our prisons a competent corps of chaplains, numerous enough to give each prisoner the individual attention he requires. This corps should be divided among the different denominations in proportion to the division of these denominations in the prison inmate population. Over the corps in each prison there should be an administrative chaplain. It should be the duty of these chaplains to work for the conversion of the criminals under their care—to endeavor to change their thinking by reason and by example.

It can be done. It is being done every day. It is one way to face the fact that punishment doesn't pay.

## INFINITUM

As long as stars shall shine  
above to guide the way;

As rivers run their ceaseless  
courses to the sea;

As mountains thrust their jagged  
peaks unto the sky;

As long as God shall regulate  
the Universe—

So long shall faith renew itself  
with each reverse.

As long as endless rollers break  
upon the shore;

As Earth revolves her easy way  
around the sun;

As long as sunshine follows after  
every rain;

As dew-kissed flowers paint the  
sides of hill and dale

So long shall honor, truth and  
righteousness prevail.

—ART E. HUBBARD  
Rotary Club of West Side  
Fort Worth, Texas

MARCH, 1956

# UNFORGETTABLE!

## HOLIDAY'S BIG 10th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE ON LEISURE

For an entire decade, this magazine has been the voice of the biggest single change in our time — our new *leisure*! The leisure in which you live longer, better, more enjoyably.

This month, Holiday's 10th birthday issue presents a significant portrait of this new and ever-increasing free personal time and opportunity. Testifying on this wonderful topic are a whole galaxy of noted writers! Don't miss their challenging views in such articles as:

**JAMES A. MICHENER'S** report on the rewards of understanding your own — and other — lands!

**BERNARD DE VOTO'S** "Heavy, Heavy, What Hangs Over?" — how our search for relaxation often turns into a race against time!

**BRUCE CATTON'S** analysis of the joys of collecting — stamps, dolls, or battlefields!

**PLUS** a host of other adventures in leisure activities by E. B. White, Edward Steichen, Joseph Wechsberg, Silas Spitzer, Roger Angell, Clifton Fadiman, Aubrey Menen . . . and more!

**ON YOUR NEWSSTAND FEBRUARY 16!**

**March HOLIDAY Magazine**

## EXPRESS YOUR APPRECIATION—NOT ONCE— BUT TWELVE TIMES!

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# Some Verses for Spring

## THE MONTH OF SPRING

*What does it matter if March winds blow?  
What if we have a late deep snow?  
Roots in the ground are beginning to grow.  
March is the month of Spring.*

*What if the lightning cleaves the sky,  
And thunder reverberates on high?  
Between the blasts of the wind's wild cry,  
I heard a bluebird sing.*

*The scheduled awakening of the earth,  
Proclaiming the miracle of rebirth,  
Spreads green as the symbol of its worth,  
When the first buds are unfurled.*

*Though the bloom of the snowdrops may be brief,  
Or frost leave rime on the tender leaf,  
March carries the banner of our belief,  
When it brings Spring back to the world.*

—HILDEGARDE WALLS JOHNSON

## SPRING SONG

*Sing out a merry roundelay  
For Spring, at last, is on her way:*

*Grey pools of melting snow reveal  
Old twigs and Junior's wagon wheel  
And half-gnawed bones, unburied now  
(To the great dismay of our neighbor's Chow),  
The lawn is littered with debris,  
The fence and trellis seem to be  
In need of paint, the gate is sprung.  
The screens must be repaired and hung,  
Storm windows cleaned and stored away  
And Winter woolens, too. Hooray!  
Instead of pushing shovels, now  
We'll push a mower, spade, or plow.*

*For Spring, at last, is on her way.  
Sing out a merry roundelay?*

—HELEN GORN SUTIN

## A SEAGULL HANGS SUSPENDED ON THE WIND

*A seagull hangs suspended on the wind,  
The bay shines like a sapphire in green gold;  
Low drifting clouds, like balls of carded wool  
Wheel on the south; within the harbor's fold,  
Lulled by the tapping fingers of the tide,  
Small white boats lie, stirred by the lilting swell,  
And clear upon the radiant morning air  
There floats the music of a silver bell,  
A ship's clock strikes the hour, God's day is fair  
And all is well.*

—FRANKLIN N. WOOD



# Opinion

FROM LETTERS, TALKS,  
ROTARY PUBLICATIONS

## The Rotary Way

SPENCER LEEMING, Rotarian

Journalist

Ryde, Australia

Maybe my fellow Rotarians around the world will like:

### THE ROTARY WAY

They talk, think hard, then plan, and work  
To implement a promise made.

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The paths which their great founder laid.

Some say: "This is a rich man's club  
Where men just laugh and vaunt their pride."

These little know, when thus they drub,  
What sacrifice goes on inside.

All true Rotarians have a goal,  
With service as their main ideal.

Thus they create a corporate soul  
Fired with unselfishness and zeal.

If what they feel they will express  
In word and action, thought and deed,

Nigh half a million men can bless  
This world with something it must need.

## Wonders in Rotary

P. N. SETH, Rotarian

Electrical-Industry Executive

Lahore, Pakistan

You have been fortunate enough to achieve a certain success in your vocation. Rotary demands you to make it better, more humane. You should show to others the wonders which can be achieved in your vocation by applying the great yardstick of Service above Self. You will feel much happier and more satisfied than with a many-figure bank balance. The world shakes with constant disagreements, disunity, and dissensions. It is for you as a Rotarian to replace these by fellow feeling, fraternity, and friendliness. Don't falter; you have been shown that light; follow it with determination and complete faith.

## 'I Am Glad'

MRS. FREDERICK WILSON

Wife of Rotarian

Statesboro, Georgia

When a woman marries, she soon finds, if her marriage be a happy one, that each new honor her husband receives is a lift, an honor, to her too. I count it an honor that my husband is a Rotarian. I am proud that my husband is one of those good and able men who have made and are making a vital contribution to their communities in business and profession. Not all good men are in Rotary, but surely all men in Rotary are good men, are leaders, are men of goodwill wherever they go, men who see the importance of the community in relation to world events.

I am glad that my husband belongs to a Club that inspires loyalty. He expresses this loyalty by regular attendance at meetings and faithful participation in all Rotary activities. I know that as he develops a great sense of loyalty to Rotary, his abilities to be loyal will stretch to include loyalty to every good

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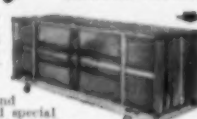
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*Cartoon*

"It's not that we don't like your work, Schmeltz. . . . We don't like you. . . ."

cause and institution. I am glad that in this world where men are prone to lie and cheat and steal, my husband belongs to a group who have chosen as their measuring stick for conduct The Four-Way Test. I am glad that this test of truth, justice, friendliness, and helpfulness has become a part of my husband's philosophy of life. Rotary's practical approach to wholesome living in business is practical for the Rotarian's home as well.—From an address to the Conference of District Rotary 241.

**'Missing the Missing'**

**DONALD F. BECKER, Rotarian**  
*Bungalow-Camp Secretary*  
*Banff, Alberta, Canada*

**MISSING**  
 This week we're missing the missing,  
 That is, the missing who missed last week;  
 But the missing knew they were missing,  
 And at missing this Club's at its peak.  
 So let's have no more of this missing,  
 Especially of the missing who missed,  
 Or we might really find you missing  
 With your name missed from the list.

**A Matter of Attitude**

**FRANCIS B. WILLMOTT, Rotarian**  
*Manufacturer*  
*Birmingham, England*

Provided a man is capable of being analytical of compromise and impartiality, he will find a solution to any problem in business. If one applies an aptitude of mind and adjusts oneself to others, one finds friendship and obtains confidence, which is the keynote of the success of any business. One must also have the courage to do the unorthodox and to rid the cupboard of any undesirable skeletons.

Many people are of the opinion today that one cannot get workpeople to do this and that, but that is all bunkum. It all depends upon the attitude and the approach one makes. If the head of a

firm takes the right interest in his work-people and sets an example, he will get the men and women to follow him. . . . We are in business to give self-expression to ourselves of our ability and the ability of others. We are in business to provide a livelihood for others, who will work if the right thing is done toward them.

**95 Well-Forged Links**

**C. L. SHREVE, Rotarian**  
*Horticulturist*  
*Branson-Hollister, Missouri*

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Our trading students with all nations is one great reinforcement rod in the structure of brotherly love. The \$10 share of stock you own in the world affairs set up by Paul Harris will pay far greater dividends than all one's monetary investments because you own a paving block in the world's superhighway for safe travel. All good Rotarians are proud to invest in Paul's prayer.

**When Men's Hearts Change**

**LAWRENCE P. LAYNE, Trailer Retailer**  
*President, Rotary Club*  
*Shively, Kentucky*

The sum total of all the changes wrought in the minds and hearts of men around the world because of the knowledge of the existence of such a dreadful destructive power [the atom or the hydrogen bomb]—all the changes wrought by this knowledge are infinitesimal compared to the changes that would be

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wrought in the hearts and minds of men and women around the world by the complete acceptance of or dedication to Rotary's motto of "Service above Self"—for can any man really serve his fellowman, can any man really minister to the needs of others, without thought of personal gain or recompense and harbor hatred and greed? Can he do this and sustain malice, envy, jealousy, intolerance, and tyranny? I think not. —From a Rotary Club address.

## 'Rotary International'

GILBERT H. HILL, *Rotarian*  
Antique-Furniture Refinisher  
Camdenton, Missouri

I hope that my poem may be helpful in conveying some of the spirit of our organization still further toward its vast potential in awakening humanity everywhere to the possibilities of a great future.

## ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

Heal is the desire among able men  
On the side of the right and the truth:  
To make service a matter of "where and when,"  
And performance as swift as the zeal of youth.  
Rules like these will always please,  
You can think or say what you may.

It's the spirit that abides in such as these,  
Not what we gain or fritter away.  
Time and talent still wait to clear  
Each entry to the course we choose:  
Roads to regain the friendly frontier  
Near harbors of suspicion and doubt  
And welcome the nations far and near  
To the light of one-way out.  
In the darkened skies ahead,  
On the horizon of things to come;  
Need we now, more Scripture read  
And the wisdom-guided tongue;  
Lamp lights in a dark divided world, 'ere the  
bells of peace are rung.

## Survival Depends on Character

CHARLES J. DINTELMAN, *Rotarian*  
School Superintendent  
Charleston, Illinois

In a competitive world, life and freedom must be backed by strength. We may talk about moral and spiritual values all we want, but if our potential enemy does not subscribe to our moral and spiritual values, then we had better have military strength too. Nevertheless, survival has a time dimension, in which power to survive consists of more than strength of arms. Short-term survival may depend on the knowledge of nuclear physicists and the performance of jet aircraft, but long-term survival depends also on character. Our scientific, economic, and military accomplishments are rooted in the human quality which produces them. This quality we must nurture and build ever better and stronger through our homes, our schools, our churches, and our communities. Let us not fail in this or we shall eventually fail in all things.

## Roam the World

C. M. WITHERS, *Rotarian*  
Sydney, Australia

Roam the world wherever you may,  
O'er city or suburb—be they quiet or gay.  
The summit to which we must attain  
And push with all our might and main,  
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# HOBBY Hitching Post

THE hobby of ROTARIAN FRANK J. MEYER, a jeweler of Pueblo, Colorado, combines equine footgear with international goodwill, a combination that must seem unusual at first glance. However, the following story by RALPH C. TAYLOR, news director of the Pueblo Star-Journal and Pueblo Chieftain, makes the blending a natural one.

A KINGDOM was offered for a horse in a Shakespearean play, but a modern twist of this famous line is being applied by a U. S. Westerner, who is offering international goodwill in exchange for the footwear of horses, mules, and oxen. As an ambassador of goodwill, FRANK J. MEYER is without portfolio, though he does have a museum filled with 5,000 animal shoes, each a symbol of his kind of ambassadorship.

How did he get started collecting such footgear? Well, as a boy he used to pick up old horseshoes and take them home in much the same way that youngsters

in efforts to have missionaries carry oxen shoes out of India, and others mailed from the Vatican City in Rome.

In visualizing the thousands of shoes in the MEYER collection, many a reader might be wondering at this point just where the international goodwill comes in. It plays a major rôle in this hobby because FRANK MEYER puts the Golden Rule to work—or as he says it, "I follow Rotary's motto of Service above Self"—in his contacts with other hobbyists in lands around the world. He enlists their help in adding to his collection, and then he asks what he can do for them. For example, a young student architect in The Philippines not long ago sent him several interesting shoes, and remarked that he was studying American architecture. With no delay, this Coloradoan went to a local architect for help in gathering material on the subject for the Filipino youth.

This helpfulness on an international scale has many examples. There was the South American hobbyist who collects



Frank Meyer with some of the 5,000 horseshoes in his collection. . . In the fireproof vault he keeps detailed records on the thousands of shoes.

nowadays take home stray dogs and cats. He first became serious about collecting shoes when he rode a burro to the bottom of the Grand Canyon. On the way down, one of the burros in the group knocked a shoe loose, and Mr. MEYER took it home with him as a memento. Later, he picked up a shoe from a pack horse near the Canyon's Rainbow Bridge. As his collection grew he decided there should be a goal to work toward, so he set out to acquire shoes from every one of the 48 States. Next, he put his hobby on a global basis by extending his search to all countries of the world. This expansion has resulted





pipes, and to him Mr. MEYER sent an Indian peace pipe from Minnesota; to a South African collector of bottle labels went some prized items; to a young miss in Thailand went several additions to her life-sized ceramic bird collection; and to scores of other hobbyists in as many countries have gone souvenir spoons, match book covers, stamps, cheese wrappers—just about everything from A to Z.

All of this takes much time and money, for many collector's items are not easily come upon, but Mr. MEYER puts no limitation on his services to friends in faraway places. "It may seem an unrewarding hobby to some," he says, "but it has strengthened my belief in mankind. It is amazing to what lengths men and women will go to help me. In hundreds of contacts, only one man replied that he didn't have time to fool with me and my shoes. So, no matter how hard these requests are to fill, I keep trying until I get what is wanted—or until I know it is beyond obtaining."

It seems, too, that other persons work equally hard for FRANK MEYER. Not long ago, a friend of his went to Pisa, Italy, to be married. "Remember my shoe hobby," FRANK told him, not thinking for an instant that a honeymooner would give a thought to horseshoes. But it wasn't long before some shoes came from Italy with this terse message: "Married at one. Found shoes at three." With the shoes was a photograph of the newlyweds standing beside the Leaning Tower of Pisa. In the groom's hands were the horseshoes.

Even royalty has helped this shoe collector add to his display. This rare experience came to him when he sought a shoe from one of the horses that drew the golden carriage during the Coronation of QUEEN ELIZABETH. In asking for a shoe he sent some highly polished silver dollars in a royal purple box to the Queen. As a result of his friendly interest in that memorable British occasion, ROTARIAN MEYER's collection includes a shoe of the wheel horse on the off side of the beautiful Coronation carriage. He also learned that the silver dollars he sent were exchanged for pounds sterling and given to a welfare agency in his name.

Among the many shoes he points to with special pride are those received from Past Presidents of Rotary International who live outside the U.S.A. They are CRAWFORD McCULLOUGH, of Canada; I. B. SUTTON, of Mexico; MAURICE DUPERRAY, of France; the late ARMANDO DE ARRUDA PEREIRA, of Brazil; FERNANDO CARBAJAL, of Peru; T. A. WARREN, of England; ANGUS S. MITCHELL, of Australia; ARTHUR LAGUEUX, of Canada; and JOAQUIN SERRATOSA CIBILA, of Uruguay.

Besides these Rotary Presidents, many other wearers of the clogged wheel have helped him build his collection to its present international proportions: it represents 98 countries. He recently told me that his list of Rotarian correspondents numbers some 350, and that "the letter writing is proving more

interesting than the horseshoe collection." Much of his writing is done in the language of other countries, and in this work he has the help of local school teachers.

All the correspondence about a shoe is filed in a jacket, together with complete data on the animal, its owner, and the country where the shoe was worn. Thoroughbred horses and purebred cattle seldom have records more complete than the shoes in this collection. The information is kept in a fireproof, walk-in vault closed by a steel door with a combination lock. There are records on shoes from the white pony PRINCE CHARLES rides at Buckingham Palace; from a horse owned by the oldest brewer in the Saar; from Hambone, the world's greatest jumping mule; from Holywell Floretta, a horse in Scotland that has won 53 show championships; and from the animals of kings and potentates and other famous personages.

This collection is kept in a basement museum, with some of the shoes mounted on huge display boards—and always the ends of the shoes are upward to keep in the good luck! Parts of the collection also give a "horse shoe motif" to MR. MEYER's home; door knobs are made of shoes, and flower stands, coat racks, and other pieces of furniture are shoes welded together. Nowhere, however, do you see a horse around the MEYER home, for this hobbyist doesn't care about riding. His interest in horses begins and ends with the shoes they wear.

Right now, FRANK MEYER and his wife are on a trip around the world, and he knows a great deal about many of the lands he is visiting because of his hobby. It is a pastime that is demonstrating that international understanding and friendship need not be left solely to top-level statesmanship. They can originate in the oddest of ways, even from one man's interest in the footwear of horses and oxen.

## What's Your Hobby?

Whatever your interest hobby-wise, THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM will gladly list it below if you drop him a card. The only requirement: that you be a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family; the one request: that you acknowledge correspondence resulting from the listing.

**Stamps:** Amolish Desai (12-year-old nephew of Rotarian—collects stamps; will exchange), % N. V. Desai, 651 Merchant St., Rangoon, Burma.

**Birds, Stamps, Gourds:** Emily Andersen (9-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in birds, collecting stamps, raising gourd seeds; will exchange bird pictures, stamps, and gourd seeds), 2230 W. Hoyt Ave., St. Paul 8, Minn., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** Gastão Baumhardt (collects stamps—will exchange new or used), Rua Marechal Floriano 504, Caixa Postal 218, Santa Cruz do Sul, Brazil.

**Tape Measures:** Mary Lamb (niece of Rotarian—interested in trading unusual tape measures), 19538 Cortez, Covina, Calif., U.S.A.

**Stamps; Rotary Commemoratives:** Ralph L. Mutz (wishes to trade first-day covers from Australia, Cuba, Brazil, Nicaragua, Korea, France, Tunisia, Monaco, The Philippines, U.S.A. for first-day covers from other countries; also has souvenir and presentation cards and sheets from France, Belgium, Cuba, Monaco, The Philippines for trading), 600 16th St., Oakland 12, Calif., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** The following have indicated their interest in having pen friends:

James McDonald (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in sports, movies, postcards), 4 Howland Ave., Box 1173, Fernie, B. C., Canada.

Roberto Miranda (20-year-old nephew of Rotarian—hobbies include stamp and postcard collecting, writing, reading, music), Calvario, Meycauayan Bulacan, Manila, The Philippines.

Eve-Anne Putney (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—enjoys sports, popular music, reading, photography; wants pen friends between ages 15-17), 72 First Ave., Flin Flon, Man., Canada.

Paule Turgeon (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—writes in French or English; likes all sports, reading, music, theater; collects stamps, postcards), 177 W. St. Cyrille St., Quebec, Que., Canada.

Randi Pedersen (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—enjoys swimming, skiing, tennis, dancing, reading), Blødekjaerheia 10, Arendal, Norway.

Nancy Richardson (11-year-old daughter of Rotarian—would like English-writing pen pals in South America; hobbies include swimming, piano playing, stamps, bird pictures), 1536 Buffalo St., Franklin, Pa., U.S.A.

Talya Sy (17-year-old niece of Rotarian—enjoys English and American literature, music, writing, collecting stamps, postcards), 307 San Rafael, Manila, The Philippines.

Anita J. Lamigo (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—likes reading, Scouting, collecting stamps), 290 Juan Luna St., Butuan, The Philippines.

Chona J. Lamigo (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects stamps, postcards; likes dancing, reading), 290 Juan Luna St., Butuan, The Philippines.

Helen Brown (11-year-old daughter of Rotarian—collects dog pictures, statues; enjoys cooking; would like English-speaking pen pal in South America), Miller Park, Franklin, Pa., U.S.A.

Vito F. Muñoz (9-year-old nephew of Rotarian—hobbies include travelling, reading, collecting pencils from different schools, playing violin), Rizal St., Tanjay, Negros Oriental, The Philippines.

Rolando U. Marcelo (17-year-old son of Rotarian—interests are collecting stamps, pencils, stickers), 2-B Almon St., Quezon, The Philippines.

Nancy J. Coriwell (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pal from Switzerland; likes cooking, hiking, camping, swimming), 317 Second St., Woodburn, Oreg., U.S.A.

Simon J. Williams (18-year-old son of Rotarian—wants pen pals from other countries interested in armed forces), Barclay Bank House, High St., Sidmouth, England.

Andrew Hohn (12-year-old nephew of Rotarian—enjoys hunting, fishing, all games), 615 E. Railroad St., Mitchell, So. Dak., U.S.A.

Sylvester Paclik (23-year-old nephew of Rotarian—enjoys outdoor activities), Box 76, Yankton, So. Dak., U.S.A.

Atul Cowshish (15-year-old son of Rotarian—likes sports, movies; collects pictures), % B. R. S. Cowshish, Lathmars St., Jagadhri, India.

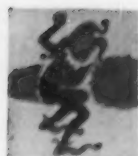
Vyay Raiwal (15-year-old son of Rotarian—collects stamps, postcards; enjoys photography, cricket, tennis, squash, table tennis, billiards), Bungalow No. 16-17, Civil Lines, Bikaner, Rajasthan, India.

Sylvia Oscherwitz (18-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires pen friends in other countries), 1122 N. 11th, Duncan, Okla., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM



"I've learned to tell time! It's 1 A.M."



# Stripped GEARS



## My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. The following "favorite" comes from William Wachter, a Sioux City, Iowa, Rotarian.

Some 30 years ago a Sioux City harness dealer had a customer who picked out a fancy saddle for his pony and said, "I'll take it. Please charge it." The price was \$200.

After the customer had left with the saddle, the proprietor asked the bookkeeper to charge the customer with the purchase. "To whom?" asked the bookkeeper. "Don't you know him?" replied the proprietor. "No," answered the bookkeeper. "Well," said the proprietor, "how many men have ponies in town?" "Twelve," came the answer. "Send them all a bill." The bookkeeper did.

Three of them paid.

## Oh Yeah!

My friend says not to worry,  
My friend pooh-poohs my fears.  
His words are quite consoling,  
His optimism cheers.

This view unweaved, undaunted,  
How comforting it is . . .  
He looks upon my worries  
The way I do at his.

—E. J. RITTER

## Pat's Problem

Pat takes the limelight here, and the first three letters of the words fitting the following descriptions all start with his name, Pat:

1. A fatherly pat.
2. An aristocratic pat.
3. A red, white, and blue pat.
4. A head pat.
5. A childhood game pat.
6. A South American pat.
7. A sad pat.
8. A forbearing pat.
9. A guarding pat.
10. A model pat.

This quiz was submitted by Helen Houston Bolleau, wife of a Pomona, California, Rotarian.

## 'E' Parade

In each of the six-letter words defined below, the second letter is an "e" and the fifth letter is an "e." Add the prop-

er four letters to these e's to complete the words.

1. An animal.
2. Mental conviction.
3. The middle.
4. An official declaration.
5. A Colorado city.
6. Mudguard for a car.
7. Small animal of the weasel family.
8. Protective head covering.
9. A house for a dog.
10. A book of accounts.
11. Group of six singers.
12. A seasoning.

This quiz was submitted by Isabel Williams, of St. Clair Shores, Michigan.

The answers to these quizzes will be found in the next column.

## Twice Told Tales

Boss: "You can't ask for a raise like that. You must work yourself up."

Employee: "I did. I'm trembling all over."—Rotary Bulletin, MIMICO-NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.

A day would be improved a lot if it started at some other time than in the morning.—The Waikiki Surf, WAIKIKI, HAWAII.

When you meet up with a disagreeable person, never allow yourself to be upset by him. Say to yourself, "If a dowdy like that can stand himself all his life, surely I can stand him for a few

minutes."—The Bright'ner, BRIGHTON, COLORADO.

The butcher was weighing a roast for a customer. "Say, you're giving me a lot of bone there, aren't you?" said the wary customer.

"Oh, no," answered the butcher, "you're paying a buck a pound for it."—Round Up, GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.

A young man who had just received his degree from college rushed out and said: "Here I am, world; I have an A.B."

World replied: "Sit down, son, and I'll teach you the rest of the alphabet."—Weekly Bulletin, WACO, TEXAS.

Irate father to son: "I sacrificed everything I had so you could study medicine and now that you are a doctor, you tell me I have to quit smoking."—The Nevada Rotanews, NEVADA, MISSOURI.

## Bridge

Whatever your caprice, my dear,  
I'll be indulgent, never fear.  
If you should find my tie too gay,  
I'll toss it happily away.  
Inform me that my joke is flat,  
I'll make a mental note of that.  
But though you've only to command,  
Don't tell me how to play my hand!

—THOMAS USK

## Answers to Quizzes

12. Pepper.
8. Helmet.
9. Kennel.
10. Ledger.
11. Sextet.
4. Decree.
5. Denver.
6. Fender.
7. Fertil.
3. Center.
2. Bellet.
1. Beaver.
10. Pattern.
7. Pathos.
8. Patience.
9. Patrol.
3. Patriot.
4. Pat-a-cake.
6. Pat-a-cake.
1. Patriot.
2. Patriot.

## Limerick Corner

The Fixer pays \$5 for the first four lines of an original limerick selected as the month's limerick-contest winner. Address him care of The Rotarian Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

This month's winner comes from N. A. McDowell, a member of the Rotary Club of Hutt, New Zealand. Closing date for last lines to complete it: May 15. The "ten best" entries will receive \$2.

### HEAD FIRST

A village headmaster named Brown  
Said, "Boys, take this written work down."  
But one boy named Cade  
The "head" disobeyed.

### TEACHER'S REACH

Here again is the babbled limerick presented in The Rotarian for October:  
As a teacher Marie was a peach,  
No subject was out of her reach.  
She taught Latin with ease,  
Greek, too, if you please.

Here are the "ten best" last lines:

But as a cook she was a figure of speech.  
(E. W. McCullers, member of the Rotary Club of Clayton, North Carolina.)

But the ballet she just couldn't teach!  
(Eugene R. Rossi, member of the Rotary Club of Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania.)

On her qualifications I'd make a good speech.  
(Walter R. Pearce, member of the Rotary Club of Olathe, Kansas.)

Her suitors? A tutor for each.  
(Bradford G. Webster, member of the Rotary Club of Smethport, Pennsylvania.)

Numbskulls she surely did breach.  
(R. Falconer, member of the Rotary Club of Davenport, England.)

Knowledge stuck to her brain like a leech.  
(R. M. Good, Sr., member of the Rotary Club of Branson-Hollister, Missouri.)

Till a man snatched her heart and her speech.  
(Blanche H. Baiz, wife of a Curaçao, Netherlands Antilles, Rotarian.)

And was blond without help of a bleach.  
(Mrs. J. R. Scott, wife of a Port Colborne, Ontario, Canada, Rotarian.)

Like a woman she majored in speech!  
(W. L. Imes, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Dundee, New York.)

And at the drop of a comma she'd preach.  
(Ishmael Hill, member of the Rotary Club of Lubbock, Texas.)

# LOOKING FOR A LOW COST PRODUCER OF QUALITY ORDERS? Then use **THE ROTARIAN**.

Don't take our word for it—Read the letter below

## TESTIMONIAL LETTER #7

### *Finnell* SYSTEM, INC.

ELECTRIC SCRUBBING & POLISHING MACHINES & INDUSTRIAL CLEANING AGENTS  
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May 2, 1950

*...and still advertising  
regularly in the Rotarian*

Mr. Walter Buell  
Advertising Manager  
The Rotarian  
35 East Wacker Drive  
Chicago 1, Illinois

Dear Mr. Buell:

THE ROTARIAN was originally selected as an advertising medium for our products because of its broad coverage among large and small-city top management men. Our careful circulation analysis decidedly confirms that THE ROTARIAN offered us one of the largest and most highly selective audiences among the men who buy or authorize the buying of maintenance equipment for industrial and commercial establishments, hospitals, schools and other institutions.

Of secondary importance to us is THE ROTARIAN's low duplication with other horizontal executive magazines. This is chiefly due to the circulation it has among the hard-to-reach business executives in the important small-city markets, thus opening an entirely new field which we were not reaching through our other advertising efforts.

Our copy, while not couponed or designed to pull all inquiries to our home office, has none the less produced a gratifying number of result-producing inquiries directly to this office and an unaccountable number to our branch offices.

In short, THE ROTARIAN economically reaches the men and markets in which we are most interested.

Yours sincerely,  
FINNELL SYSTEM, INC.,

*L. C. Finnell*  
L. C. Finnell  
Vice President and Treasurer



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INDEPENDENCE HALL



# *Attend*

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ROTARY INTERNATIONAL'S 47<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL CONVENTION

3-7 JUNE, 1956

*Philadelphia*

PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

